

CHRIST'S VICTORY

AND

Fletcher G. the younger

TRIVMPH,

In *Heaven*, and *Earth*, over and after
DEATH.

Wherein is
lively figured

His

{ Birth.
Circumcision.
Baptisme.
Temptation.
Passion.
Resurrection.
Assention.

In foure divine Poems.

CAMBRIDGE.

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TO THE RIGHT
WORSHIPFULL AND

REVEREND,
Mr. Doctour NEVILE,
Dean of Canterbury, and the Master of
TRINITY Colledge in
CAMBRIDGE.



Right worthie, and reverend Sir,
As I have alwaies thought the place
wherein I live, after heaven, principally
to be desired; both because I most want,
and it most abound's with wisdom, which
is fled by some with as much delight, as it is obtained by
others, and ought to be followed by all. so I cannot but
next unto God, for ever acknowledge my self most bound
unto the hand of God, (I mean your self) that reacht
down, as it were, out of heaven, unto me, a benefit of that
nature and price, then which I could wish none (onely
heaven it self excepted) either more fruitfull and con-
tenting for the time that is now present, or more comfor-
table and encouraging for the time that is already past,

or more hopefull, and promising for the time that is yet to come.

For as in all mens judgements (that have any judgement) Europe is worthily deem'd the Queen of the world, that Garland both of Learning and pure Religion being now become her crown, and blossoming upon her head, that hath long since lain withered in Greece and Palestine: so my opinion of this Island hath alwaies been, that it is the very face and beautie of all Europe; in which both true Religion is faithfully professed without superstition, and (if on earth) true Learning sweetly flourishes without ostentation. And what are the two eyes of this Land, but the two Universities? which cannot but prosper in the time of such a Prince, that is a Prince of Learning, as well as of People. And truly I should forget my self, if I should not call Cambridge the right eye: and I think (King Henrie the 8 being the Uniter, Edward the 3 the Founder, and your self the Repairer of this Colledge wherein I live) none will blame me, if I esteem the same, since your polishing of it, the fairest sight in Cambridge: in which being placed by your onely favour, most freely, without either any means from other, or any desert in my self; being not able to do more, I could do no lesse then acknowledge that debt which I shall never be able to pay, and with old Silenus in the Poet (upon whom the boyes — *injiciunt ipsis ex vincula fertis*, making his garland his fetters) finding my self bound unto you by so many benefits, that were given by your self for ornaments, but are to me as so many golden chains to hold me fast in a kinde of desired bondage, seek (as he doth) my freedome with a song: the matter whereof is as worthy the sweetest Singer, as my self, the miserable Singer,

er,

er, unworthy so divine a subject: but the same favour that before rewarded no desert, knows now as well how to pardon all faults; then which indulgence, when I regard my self, I can wish no more; when I remember you, I can hope no lesse.

So commending these few broken lines unto yours, and your self into the hands of the best Physician; JESUS CHRIST: with whom the most ill-affected man, in the midst of his sicknesse, is in good health; and without whom the most lustie body, in his greatest jollity, is but a languishing carcase: I humbly take my leave, ending with the same wish that your devoted Observer and my approved Friend doth in his verses presently sequent, that your passage to heaven may be slow to us that shall want you here, but to your self that cannot want us there, most secure and certain.

Your Worships

in all dutie and service,

G. FLETCHER.

THOMAS NEVYLE.

MOST HEAVENLY.

As when the Captain of the heavenly host,
Or else that glorious armie doth appeare
In waters drown'd, with surging billows tost,
We know they are not, where we see they are;
We see them in the deep, we see them move,
We know they fixed are in heaven above:
So did the Sunne of righteousnesse come down
Clowded in flesh, and seem'd be in the deep:
So do the many waters seem to drown
The starres his saints, and they on earth to keep,
And yet this Sunne from heaven never fell,
And yet these earthly starres in heaven dwell.
What if their souls be into prison cast
In earthly bodies? yet they long for heaven:
What if this worldly Sea they have not past?
Yet faine they would be brought into their haven.
They are not here, and yet we here them see,
For every man is there, where he would be,
Long may you wish, and yet long wish in vain,
Hence to depart, and yet that wish obtain,
Long may you here in heaven on earth remain,
And yet a heaven in heaven hereafter gain.
Go you to heaven, but yet O make no hast,
Go slowly, slowly, but yet go at last.

But when the Nightingale so neare doth sit,
Silent the Titmouse better may be fit.

F. Nethersole.

TO



To the Reader.



Here are but few of many that can rightly judge of Poetry, and yet there are many of those few, that carry so left-handed an opinion of it, as some of them think it half sacriledge for prophane Poetrie to deale with diuine and heavenly matters; as though *David* were to be sentenced by them, for uttering his grave matter upon the harp: others, something more violent in their censure, but sure lesse reasonable (as though Poetrie corrupted all good wits, when indeed bad wits corrupt Poetrie) banish it, with *Plato*, out of all well-ordered Commonwealths. Both these I will strive rather to satisfie, then refute.

And of the first I would gladly know, whether they suppoſe it fitter, that the sacred ſongs in the Scripture of thoſe heroicall Saints, *Moses*, *Deborah*, *Jeremie*, *Mary*, *Simeon*, *David*, *Solomon*, (the wiſeſt Schoolman, and wittieſt Poet) ſhould be ejected from the canon for want of gravitie, or rather this error erased out of their mindes, for want of truth. But, it may be, they will give the Spirit of God leave to breathe through what pipe it pleaſe, and will confeſſe, becauſe they muſt needs, that all the ſongs dittied by him, muſt needs be, as their Fountain is, moſt holy: but their cōmon clamour is, Who may compare with God? True; and yet as none may compare without preſumption, ſo all may imitate, and not without commendation: which made *Nazianzen*, one of the Starres of the Greek Church, that now ſhines as bright in heaven, as he did then on earth, write ſo many diuine poems of the Genealogie, Miracles, Paſſion of Chriſt, called by him his *Χρῆς δὲ μάχης*. Which when

Basil,

Basil, the Prince of the Fathers, and his Chamberfellow, had seen, his opinion of them was, that he could have devised nothing either more fruitfull to others, because it kindly wooed the to Religion; or more honourable to himself; οὐδ' ἂν γὰρ μακαριώτερόν ἐστι τῷ πλὴν ἁγέλων χοροῖαν ἐν τῇ γῆ μιμεῖσθαι because by imitating the singing Angels in heaven, himself became, though before his time, an earthly Angel. What should I speak of *Juvenius*, *Prosper*, & the wise *Prudentius*? the last of which living in *Hieromes* time, twelve hundred yeares ago, brought forth in his declining age, so many, and so religious poems, straitly charging his soul, not to let passe so much as one either night or day without some divine song: *Hymnis continuet dies, Nec nox ulla vacet, quin Dominum canat.* And as sedulous *Prudentius*, so prudent *Sedulius* was famous in this poetick divinity, the coetan of *Bernard*, who sung the historie of *Christ* with as much devotion in himself, as admiration to others; all which were followed by the choicest wits of *Christendome*: *Nonnius* translating all *S. Johns* Gospell into Greek verse, *Sannazar*, the late-living Image, and happy imitator of *Virgil*, bestowing ten yeares upon a song, onely to celebrate that one day when *Christ* was born unto us on earth, & we (a happie change) unto God in heaven: thrice-honoured *Bertus*, and our (I know no other name more glorious then his own) *M^r. Edmond Spencer* (two blessed souls) not thinking ten yeares enough, laying out their whole lives upon this one studie. Nay I may justly say that the Princely Father of our countrey (though in my conscience God hath made him of all the learned Princes that ever were the most religious, and of all the religious Princes, the most learned; that so, by the one he might oppose him against the Pope, the pest of all Religion; and by the other, against *Bellarmino*, the abuser of all good Learning) is yet so farre enamoured with this celestiallyl Muse, that it shall never repent me—*calamo trivisse tabellam*, whensoever I shall remember *Hac eade ut sciret quid non faciebat Amyntas*? To name no more in such plenty, where I may finde how to begin, sooner then to end, *S. Paul* by the example of *Christ*, that went singing to mount *Olivet*, with his Disciples, after his last supper, exciteth the Christi-

Christians to solace themselves, with hymnes, and psalmes, and spirituall songs; and therefore, by their leaves, be it an error for Poets to be Divines, I had rather erre with the Scripture, then be rectified by them: I had rather adore the steps of *Nazianzen, Prudentius, Sedulius*, then follow their steps to be misguided: I had rather be the devout Admirer of *Nonnus, Barts*, my sacred Sovereigne, and others, the miracles of our latter age, then the false sectarie of these, that have nothing at all to follow, but their own naked opinions: To conclude, I had rather with my Lord, and his most divine Apostle sing (though I sing forlie) the love of heaven and earth, then praise God (as they do) with the worthie gift of silence, and sitting still, or think I disprais'd him with this poetickall discourse. It seems they have either not read, or cleane forgot, that it is the dutie of the Muses (if we may beleeeve *Pindar* and *Hesiod*) to set alwaies under the throne of *Jupiter, ejus & laudes, & beneficia iuvantibus*, which made a very worthy Germane writer conclude it, *Certo statuimus, proprium atque peculiare poetarum munus esse, Christi gloriam illustrare*, being good reason that the heavenly infusion of such Poetry, should end in his glorie, that had beginning from his goodnesse, *sic orator, nascitur poeta*.

For the second sort therefore, that eliminate Poets out of their citie gates, as though they were now grown so bad, as they could neither grow worse, nor better, though it be somewhat hard for those to be the onely men should want cities, that were the onely causers of the building of them; and somewhat inhumane to thrust them into the woods, to live among the beasts, who were the first that called men out of the woods, from their beastly, & wilde life; yet since they will needs shouder them out for the onely firebrandsto inflame lust (the fault of earthly men, not heavenly Poetrie) I would gladly learn, what kinde of professions these men would be intreated to entertain, that so deride and disaffect Poetrie: would they admit of Philosophers, that after they have burnt out the whole candle of their life in the circular studie of Sciences, crie out at length, *Se nihil prorsus scire?* or should Musicians be welcome to them, that *Dant sine mente sonum*--bring delight with them indeed, could they

they as well expresse with their instruments a voice, as they can a sound? or would they most approve of souldiers that defend the life of their countrey men either by the death of themselves, or their enemies? If Philosophers please them, who is it that knows not, that all the lights of example, to cleare their precepts, are borrowed by Philosophers from Poets? that without *Homers* examples, *Aristotle* would be as blinde as *Homer*? If they retain Musicians, who ever doubted, but that Poets infused the verie soul into the inarticulate sounds of musick? that without *Pindar* & *Horace*, the Lyricks had been silenced for ever? If they must needs entertain Souldiers, who can but confesse, that Poets restore again that life to Souldiers, which they before lost for the safetie of their countrey? that without *Virgil*, *Aeneas* had never been so much as heard of? How then can they for shame deny commonwealths to them, who were the first Authors of them? how can they deny the blinde Philosopher that teaches them, his light? the emptie Musician that delights them, his soul? the dying Souldier, that defends their life, immortalitie, after his own death? Let Philosophie, let *Ethicks*, let all the arts bestow upon us this gift, that we be not thought dead men, whilest we remain among the living, it is onely Poetrie that can make us be thought living men, when we lie among the dead: and therefore I think it unequall, to thrust them out of our cities, that call us out of our graves; to think so hardly of them, that make us to be so well thought of; to deny them to live a while among us, that make us live for ever among our posteritie.

So being now weary in perswading those that hate, I commend my self to those that love such Poets, as *Plato* speaks of, that sing divine and heroicall matters. *Οὐ γὰρ οὐτοὶ εἰσὶν οἱ τὰ ὕμῳ λέγοντες, ἀλλ' ὁ Θεὸς αὐτὸς ὅστις ὁ λέγων*, recommending these my idle houres, not idely spent, to good scholars, and good Christians, that have overcome their ignorance with reason, and their reason, with religion.



Fond lads, that spend so fast your poasting time,
(Too poasting time, that spends your time as fast)
To chaunt light toyes, or frame some wanton rime,
Where idle boyes may glut their lustfull tast,
Or else with praise to cloath some fleshly slime
With virgin roses, and fair lilies chaste:

While itching blouds, and youthfull eares adore it,
But wiser men, and once your selves will most abhorre it.

But thou (most neare, most deare) in this of thine
Hast prov'd the Muses not to Venus bound:
Such as thy matter, such thy Muse, divine.
Or thou such grace with Merci's self hast found,
That she her self deignes in thy leavest to shine:
Or stol'n from heav'n, thou brought'st this verse to ground,
Which frights the nummed soul with fearfull thunder,
And soon with honied dewes melts it 'twixt ioy, and wonder.

Then do not thou malicious tongues esteem;
The glasse, through which an envious eye doth gaze,
Can easily make a molehill mountains seem;
His praise dispraises, his dispraises, praise.
Enough, if best men best thy labours deem,
And to the highest pitch thy merit raise,
While all the Muses to thy muse decree
Victorious Triumph, Triumphant Victorie.

Defuncto fratri.

THink (if thou canst) how mounted on his spheare,
In heaven now he sings: thus sung he here.

Phin. Fletcher. Regal.



Quid, ô quid Veneres, Cupidinêſque,
Turturêſque, jocôſque, paſſorêſque
Laſcivi canitiſ greges, poeta?
Et jam languidos aviantum ocellos,
Et mox iurgidulas ſinu papillas
Jam ſletus teneros, cachinnulôſque,
Mox ſuſpiria, morſiunculâſque,
Mille baſia; mille, mille nugæ?
Et vultus pueri, puellulæve
(Heu ſuſci pueri, puellulæq;!)
Pingitiſ nivibus, roſunculiſque,
(Mentitiſ nivibus, roſunculiſque)
Quæ vel primo hyemis rigore torpent,
Vel Phœbi intuitu ſtatim relanguent.
Heu ſtulti nimium greges poeta!
Ut quas ſic nimis, (ah!) nimis ſtupetis,
Nives candidulæ, & roſæ pudentes:
Sic vobis pereunt ſtatim labores;
Et ſolem fugiunt ſeveriorem,
Vel ſaltem gelidâ rigent ſenectâ.

At tu, qui clypeo band inane nomen
(Minerva clypeo lovîſque) ſumens
Victrices reſonas Dei triumphos,
Triumphos lacrymiſ metûque plenos,
Plenos lætitiæ, & ſpei triumphos,
Dum rem carmine, Pierôque dignam
Aggrederiſ: tibi res decora rebus
Præbet carmina, Pierôque digna.
Quin ille ipſe tuos legens triumphos,
Plenos militiæ, labore plenos,
Tuo propitiuſ parat labori
Plenos lætitiæ, & ſpei triumphos.



H Magna.
Mū magā.

Beatissima virginum Maria;
Sed matérque simul beata: Per quam,
Qui semper fuit, ille cœpit esse;
Quæ Vita dederis que inire vitam;
Et Luci dederis videre lucem,
Quæ fastidia, morsuunculasque
Passa es quas gravida solent, nec unquam
Audebas propior viro venire:
Dum clausus penetralibus latebat
Matricis tunicâ nudique involutus,
Quem se posse negant tenere cœli:
Quæ non virgineas premi papillas
Passa, virgineas tamen dedisti
Lactandas puero tuo papillas.
Eia, dic age, dic, beata virgo,
Cur piam abstineas manum, timésque
Sancta tangere, Sanctuariûmque
Insolens fugias. An inquinari
Contactu metuis tuo sacrata?
Contactu metuit suo sacrata
Pollui pia: cernis (en!) ferentem
Lenimenta Dei furentis, illa
Fœdatis sibi ferre qua iubebat.
Sis felix nova virgo-mater opta,
Quæ mollire Deum paras amicum.
Quin hîc dona licet licet relinquo,

Agnel.

*Agnellumque repone, Turturémque,
Audax ingrediare inanis ades
Dei, tange Deo sacrata, tange.
Que non concubitu coinquinata
Agnellum peperitque, Turturémque
Exclust, facili Deo litabit
Agnocum Deum insit, & columba.*

NOr can I so much say as much I ought,
Nor yet so little can I say as nought,
In praise of this thy work, so heav'nly pend,
That sure the sacred Dove a quill did lend
From her high-soaring wing: certes I know
No other plumes, that makes man seem so low
In his owne eyes, who to all others sight
Is mounted to the highest pitch of height:
Where if thou seem to any of small price,
The fault is not in thee, but in his eyes.
But what do I thy flood of wit restrain
Within the narrow banks of my poore vein?
More I could say, and would, but that to praise
Thy verses, is to keep them from their praise.
For them who reades, and doth them not advance,
Of envie doth it, or of ignorance.

F. Nethersole.







A new way here that prophets text may pass
 for truth: the ox his owner knew, the ass
 his masters crib. thus thus in cradled lay
 your King, your Lord, your Christ: there fix, there stay
 thy stooping low, dejected thoughts shall f
 since he lay thus depressed, care where f lie.
 Geo: yate. sculp. Isay: i. 3.



CHRISTS VICTORIE IN HEAVEN.

He birth of him that no beginning knew,
Yet gives beginning to all that are born,
And how the Infinite farre greater grew,
By growing lesse, and how the rising Morn,
That shot from heav'n, did back to heav'n return,
The obsequies of him that could not die,
And death of life, end of eternitie,
How worthily he died, that died unworthily;

*The Argu-
ment pro-
pounded in
generall:
Our redem-
ption by
Christ.*

How God and Man did both embrace each other,
Met in one person, heav'n and earth did kifs,
And how a Virgin did become a Mother,
And bare that Sonne, who the worlds Father is,
And Maker of his mother, and how Blifs
Descended from the bosome of the High,
To cloath himself in naked miserie,
Sailing at length to heav'n, in earth, triumphantly,

Is the first flame, wherewith my whiter Muse
Doth burn in heavenly love, such love to tell.
O thou that didst this holy fire infuse,
And taught'st this breast, but late the grave of hell,

*The Authors
invocation
for the better
handling
of it.*

A

Wherein

Wherein a blinde and dead heart liv'd, to swell
With better thoughts, send down those lights that lend
Knowledge, how to begin, and how to end
The love, that never was, nor ever can be pend.

4

Ye sacred writings in whose antique leaves
The memories of heav'n entreasur'd lie,
Say, what might be the cause that Mercie heaves
The dust of sinne above th'industrious skie,
And lets it not to dust and ashes flie?

Could Justice be of sinne so over-woo'd,
Or so great ill be cause of so great good,
That bloody man to save, mans Saviour shed his blood?

5

Or did the lips of Mercie drop soft speech
For traitrous man, when at th'Eternalls throne
Incensed Nemesis did heav'n beseech
With thundring voice, that justice might be shown
Against the Rebels that from God were flown?

O say, say how could Mercie plead for those
That, scarcely made, against their Maker rose?
Will any slay his friend, that he may spare his foes?

6

There is a place beyond that flaming hill
From whence the starres their thin apparance shed,
A place, beyond all place, where never ill,
Nor impure thought was ever harboured;
But faintly Heroes are forever s'ed

To keep an everlasting Sabbaths rest;
Still wishing that, of what th'are still possess;
Enjoying but one joy, but one of all joyes best.

Here,

*The Argu-
ment, Mans
redemption,
from the
cause.
Mercie*

*dwelling in
heaven,*

7

Here, when the ruine of that beauteous frame,
 Whose golden building shin'd with everie starre
 Of excellence, deform'd with age became;
 MERR C Y, remembring peace in midst of warre,
 Lift up the musick of her voice, to barre
 Eternall fate; lest it should quite erace
 That from the world, which was the first worlds grace,
 And all again into their, nothing, Chaos chafe.

*and plead-
 ing for man
 now guiltie,*

8

For what had all this All, which Man in one
 Did not unite? the earth, aire, water, fire,
 Life, sense, and spirit, nay the powrefull throne
 Of the divinest Essence did retire,
 And his own image into clay inspire:
 So that this Creature well might called be
 Of the great world the small epitomie,
 Of the dead world the live and quick anatomic.

9

But Justice had no sooner Mercy seen
 Smoothing the wrinkles of her Fathers brow,
 But up she starts, and throwes her self between:
 As when a vapour, from a moory slough,
 Meeting with fresh Eous, that but now
 Open'd the world which all in darknesse lay,
 Doth heav'ns bright face of his rayes disaray,
 And fads the smiling orient of the springing day.

*with Justice
 described*

10

She was a Virgin of austere regard:
 Not as the world esteems her, deaf and blinde;
 But as the Eagle, that bath oft compar'd
 Her eye with heav'ns, so, and more brightly shin'd

*by her quali-
 ties.*

Her laming sight : for she the same could wind
 Into the solid heart, and with her eares,
 The silence of the thought loud speaking heares,
 And in one hand a pair of even scales she weares.

11

No riot of affection revell kept
 Within her breast, but a still apathy
 Possessed all her soul, which softly slept,
 Securely, without tempest; no sad crie
 Awakes her pitie, but wrong'd povertie,
 Sending his eyes to heav'n swimming in teares,
 With hideous clamour ever struck her eares,
 Whetting the blazing sword that in her hand she beares.

12

Her Reli-
 que.

The winged Lightning is her Mercury,
 And round about her mightie thunders sound :
 Impatient of himself lies pining by
 Pale Sicknes, with his kercher'd head up wound,
 And thousand noisome plagues attend her round.
 But if her clowdie brow but once grow foul,
 The flints do melt, and rocks to water rowl,
 And aerie mountains shake, and frighted shadows howl.

13

Famine, and bloodles Care, and bloodie Warre,
 Want, and the Want of knowledge how to use
 Abundance, Age, and Fear, that runnes as farre
 Before his fellow Grief, that aye pursues
 His winged steps; for who would not refuse
 Grieffs companie, a dull, and rawbon'd spright,
 That lanks the cheeks, and pales the freshest sight,
 Unbosoming the cheerefull breast of all delight?

Before

14

Before this cursed throng goes Ignorance,
 That needs will leade the way he cannot see:
 And after all, Death doth his flag advance,
 And in the midst, Strife still would roguing be,
 Whose ragged flesh and cloaths did well agree:
 And round about, amazed Horror flies,
 And over all, Shame vails his guiltie eyes,
 And underneath, Hells hungrie throat still yawning lies.

15

Upon two stonie tables, spread before her,
 She lean'd her bosome, more then stonie hard,
 There slept th' unpartiall judge, and strict restorer
 Of wrong, or right, with pain, or with reward,
 There hung the score of all our debts, the card
 Where good, and bad, and life, and death were painted:
 Was never heart of mortall so untainted,
 But when that scroul was read, with thousand terrors fainted.

Her subject.

16

Witness the thunder that mount Sinai heard,
 When all the hill with fierie clouds did flame,
 And wandring Israel, with the sight afeard,
 Blinded with seeing, durst not touch the same,
 But like a wood of shaking leaves became.
 On this dead Justice, she, the living law,
 Bowing her self with a majestique aw,
 All heav'n, to heare her speech, did into silence draw.

17

Dread Lord of spirits, well thou didst devise
 To fling the worlds rude dunghill, and the drosse
 Of the old Chaos, farthest from the skies,
 And thine own seat, that heare the childe of losse,

*Her accusa-
tion of
Mans sinne.*

A 3

Of

Of all the lower heav'n the curse, and crosse,
That wretch, beast, caytive, monster Man, might spend,
(Proud of the mire, in which his soul is pend)
Clodded in lumps of clay, his wearie life to end.

18

*And 1 of A-
dams first
frame.*

His bodie dust: where grew such cause of pride?
His soul, thy image: what could he envie?
Himself most happie, if he so would bide:
Now grown most wretched, who can remedie?
He slew himself, himself the enemye.

That his own soul would her own murder wreak,
If I were silent, heav'n and earth would speak;
And if all fail'd, these stones would into clamours break.

19

How many darts made furrows in his side,
When she, that out of his own side was made,
Gave feathers to their flight? where was the pride
Of their new knowledge? whither did it fade?
When, running from thy voice into the shade,
He fled thy sight, himself of sight bereav'd;
And for his shield a leavie armour weav'd,
With which, vain man, he thought Gods eies to have deceiv'd?

20

And well he might delude those eies, that see,
And judge by colours: for who ever saw
A man of leaves, a reasonable tree?
But those that from this stock their life did draw,
Soon made their Father godly, and by law
Proclaimed Trees almighty: gods of wood,
Of stocks, and stones with crowns of laurell stood,
Templed, and fed by fathers with their childrens bloud.

*Then of his
posterities,
in all kinde
of idolatrie.*

The

The sparkling fanes, that burn in beaten gold,
 And, like the starres of heav'n in midst of night,
 Black Egypt, as her mirrours, doth behold,
 Are but the dens where idol-snakes delight
 Again to cover Satan from their sight:

Yet these are all their gods, to whom they vie
 The Crocodile, the Cock, the Rat, the Flie,
 Fit gods, indeed, for such men to be served by.

The fire, the winde, the sea, the sunne, and moon,
 The flitting aire, and the swift-winged houres,
 And all the watchmen, that so nimbly runne,
 And Sentinel about the walled towers
 Of the worlds citie, in their heav'nly bowrs.

And, lest their pleasant gods should want delight,
 Neptune spues out the Lady Aphrodite,
 And but in heaven proud Junos peacocks scorn to lite.

The senselesse earth, the serpent, dog, and cat,
 And worse then all these, Man, and worst of men
 Usurping Jove, and swilling Bacchus fat,
 And drunk with the vines purple bloud, and then
 The Fiend himself they conjure from his den,

Because he onely yet remain'd to be
 Worse then the worst of men, they flee from thee,
 And weare his altar-stones out with their pliant knee.

All that he speaks (and all he speaks are lies)
 Are oracles; 'tis he (that wounded all)
 Cures all their wounds; he (that put out their eyes)
 That gives them light, he (that death first did call

Into the World) that with his orizall,
In spirits earth: he heav'ns al-seeing eye,
He earths great Prophet, he, whom rest doth flie,
That on salt billows doth, as pillows sleeping lie.

25

*How hope-
lesse any pa-
tronage of it.*

But let him in his cabin restlesse rest,
The dungeon of dark flames, and freezing fire,
Justice in heav'n against man makes request
To God, and of his Angels doth require
Sinnes punishment: if what I did desire,
Or who, or against whom, or why, or where,
Of, or before whom ignorant I were,
Then should my speech their sands of sins to mountains reare,

26

Were not the heav'ns pure, in whose courts I sue,
The Judge, to whom I sue, just to requite him,
The cause for sinne, the punishment most due,
Justice herself, the plaintiffe to endite him,
The Angels holy, before whom I cite him,
He against whom, wicked, unjust, impure;
Then might he sinnefull live, and die secure,
Or triall might escape, or triall might endure,

27

The Judge might partiall be, and over-pray'd,
The place appeal'd from, in whose courts he sues,
The fault excus'd, or punishment delayd,
The parties self accus'd, that did accuse,
Angels for pardon might their prayers use:
But now no starre can shine, no hope be got.
Most wretched creature, if he knew his lot,
And yet more wretched farre, because he knowes it not.

What

What should I tell how barren earth is grown,
 All for to starve her children? didst not thou
 Water with heav'nly show'rs her wombe unfown,
 And drop down clouds of flow'rs? didst not thou bowe
 Thine easie care unto the plowmans vow?

Long might he look, and look, and long in vain
 Might load his harvest in an empty wain,
 And beat the woods, to finde the poore oaks hungry grain.

*All the
 creatures
 having dis-
 leagued
 themselves
 with him*

The swelling sea seethes in his angry waves,
 And smites the earth that dares the traitors nourish;
 Yet oft his thunder their light cork outbraves,
 Mowing the mountains, on whose temples flourish
 Whole woods of garlands; and, their pride to cherish,
 Plowe through the seas green fields, and nets display
 To catch the flying windes, and steal away,
 Cooz'ning the greedie sea, pri'ning their nimble prey.

How often have I seen the waving pine,
 Toft on a watrie mountain, knock his head
 At heav'ns too patient gates, and with salt brine
 Quench the Moons burning horns; and safely fled
 From heav'ns revenge, her passengers, all dead
 With stiffe astonishment, tumble to hell?
 How oft the sea all earth would overswell;
 Did not thy sandie girdle binde the mightie well?

Would not the aire be fill'd with steams of death,
 To poison the quick rivers of their blood?
 Did not thy windes fan, with their panting breath,
 The flitting region? would not th' hastie flood

Emptie it self into the seas wide wood:

Didst not thou leade it wandering from his way,
To give men drink, and make his waters stray,
To fresh the flowrie meadows, through whole fields they play?

32

Who makes the sources of the silver fountains
From the flints mouth, and rockie valleys slide,
Thickning the airie bowels of the mountains?
Who hath the wilde heards of the forrest tide
In their cold dens, making them hungry bide
Till man to rest be laid? can beastly he,
That should have most sense, onely senseles be,
And all things else, beside himself, so awfull see?

33

Were he not wilder then the savage beast,
Prouder then haughty hills, harder then rocks,
Colder then fountains from their springs releast,
Lighter then aire, blinder then senseles stocks,
More changing then the rivers curling locks:

If reason would not, sense would soon reprove him,
And unto shame, if not to sorrow, move him, (love him.
To see cold flouds, wilde beasts, dull stocks, hard stones out-

For his ex-
tream un-
thankfulness.

34

Under the weight of sinne the earth did fall,
And swallowed Dathan, and the raging winde,
And stormie sea, and gaping whale, did call
For Jonas, and the aire did bullets finde,
And shot from heav'n a stony showre, to grinde
The five proud Kings, that for their idols fought,
The sunne it self stood still to fight it out,
And fire from heav'n flew down, when sin to heav'n did shout.

Should

Should any to himself for safety flee?
 The way to save himself, if any were,
 Were to fly from himself: should he rely
 Upon the promise of his wife? but there
 What can he see, but that he most may fear,
 A Siren, sweet to death? upon his friends?
 Who that he needs, or that he hath not lends?
 Or wanting aid himself, aid to another lends?

So that be-
 ing destitute
 of all hope
 and remedy,

His strength? but dust: his pleasure? cause of pain:
 His hope? false couriers: youth, or beauty? brittle:
 Intreatie? fond: repentance? late, and vain:
 Just recompence? the world were all too little:
 Thy love? he hath no title to a tittle:
 Hells force? in vain her furies hell shall gather:
 His servants, kinsmen, or his children rather?
 His childe, if good, shall judge, if bad, shall curse his father.

His life? that brings him to his end, and leaves him:
 His end? that leaves him to begin his wo:
 His goods? what good in that, that so deceives him?
 His gods of wood? their feet, alas, are slow
 To go to help, that must be help't to go:
 Honour, great worth? ah! little worth they be
 Unto their owners: wit? that makes him see
 He wanted wit, that thought he had it, wanting thee.

The sea to drink him quick? that casts his dead:
 Angels to spare? they punish: night to hide?
 The world shall burn in light: the heav'ns to spread
 Their wings to save him? heav'n it self shall slide,

And rowl away like melting starres that glide
 Along their oylie threds: his minde pursues him:
 His house to shrowd, or hills to fall, and bruise him?
 As Seargeants both attache, and witness accuse him.

39

What need I urge what they must needs confesse?
 Sentence on them, condemn'd by their own lust;
 I crave no more, and thou can'st give no lesse,
 Then death to dead men, justice to unjust;
 Shame to most shamefull, and most shameles dust:
 But if thy Mercy needs will spare her friends,
 Let Mercy there begin, where Justice ends.
 'Tis cruell Mercy, that the wrong from right defends.

*He can look
 for nothing,
 but a fearful
 Sentence.*

40

She ended, and the heav'nly Hierarchies,
 Burning in zeal, thickly imbranded were;
 Like to an armie that allarum cries,
 And every one shakes his ydraded speare,
 And the Almightyes self, as he would teare
 The earth, and her firm basis quite in sunder,
 Flam'd all in just revenge, and mightie thunder:
 Heav'n stole it self from earth by clouds that moisterd under.

*The effect of
 Justice her
 speech: the
 inflammati-
 on of the
 heavenly
 Powers*

41

As when the cheerefull Sunne clamping wide,
 Glads all the world with his uprising ray,
 And wooes the widow'd earth afresh to pride,
 And paints her bosome with the flowrie May,
 His silent sister steals him quite away,
 Wrapt in a sable cloud, from mortall eyes,
 The hastie starres at noon begin to rise,
 And headlong to his early roost the sparrow flies:

*Appeased by
 Mercie, who
 is described
 by her cheer-
 fulnes to de-
 fend man.*

s B

But

But soon as he again dishadowed is,
 Restoring the blinde world his blemish't sight,
 As though another day were newly ris,
 The cooz'ned birds busily take their flight,
 And wonder at the shortnesse of the night:
 So Mercie once again her self displays
 Out from her sisters cloud, and open layes (dayes.
 Those sunshine looks, whose beams would dim a thousand

How may a worm, that crawls along the dust,
 Clamber the azure mountains, thrown so high,
 And fetch from thence thy fair Idea just,
 That in those sunny courts doth hidden lie,
 Cloath'd with such light, as blindes the Angels eye?
 How may weak mortall ever hope to file
 His unsmooth tongue, and his deprostrate stile?
 O raise thou from his corse, thy now entomb'd exile.

*Our inability
 to describe
 her.*

One touch would rouze me from my sluggish hearse,
 One word would call me to my wished home,
 One look would polish my afflicted verse,
 One thought would steal my soul from her thick lome,
 And force it wandring up to heav'n to come,
 There to importune, and to beg apace
 One happy favour of thy sacred grace,
 To see, (what though it lose her eyes ?) to see thy face.

*Her beaurie,
 resembled by
 the creatures,
 which are
 all frail
 shadows of
 her essentiall
 perfection.*

If any ask why roses please the sight,
 Because their leaves upon thy cheeks do bowre:
 If any ask why lilies are so white;
 Because their blossomes in thy hand do flowre:

Or why sweet plants so gratefull odours showre;
It is because thy breath so like they be:
Or why the Orient Sunne so bright we see;
What reason can we give, but from thine eyes, and thee?

46

Her Attendants

Ros'd all in lively crimfin are thy cheeks,
Where beauties indeflourishing abide,
And, as to passe his fellow either seeks,
Seems both do blush at one anothers pride:
And on thine eyelids, waiting thee beside,
Tenthousand Graces sit, and when they move
To earth their amorous belgards from above,
They flie from heav'n, and on their wings convey thy love.

47

All of discolour'd plumes their wings are made,
And with so wondrous art the quills are wrought,
That whensoever thy cut the ayrie glad,
The winde into their hollow pipes is caught:
As seems, the spheres with them they down have brought:
Like to the seven-fold reed of Arcadie,
Which Pan of Syrinx made, when she did flie
To Ladon sands, and at his sighs sung merrily.

48

Her persuasive power.

As melting hony, dropping from the combe,
So still the words, that spring between thy lips,
Thy lips, where smiling sweetnesse keeps her home,
And heav'nly Eloquence pure manna sips.
He that his pen but in that fountain dips,
How nimble will the golden phrases flie,
And shed forth streams of choicest rhetoric,
Welling celestjall torrents out of poësie?

Like

Like as the thirstie land, in summers heat,
 Calls to the clouds, and gapes at every showre,
 As though her hungry cliffs all heav'n would eat,
 Which if high God into her bosome poure,
 Though much refresh'd, yet more she could devoure:

So hang the greedy eares of Angels sweet,
 And every breath a thousand Cupids meet,
 Some flying in, some out, and all about her fleet.

Upon her breast Delight doth softly sleep,
 And of eternal joy is brought abed;
 Those snowie mountelets, through which do creep
 The milkie rivers, that are inly bred
 In silver cisterns, and themselves do shed
 To wearie travellers, in heat of day,
 To quench their fierie thirst, and to allay
 With dropping Nectar fouds, the furie of their way.

If any wander, thou dost call him back:
 If any be not forward, thou incit'st him:
 Thou dost expect, if any should grow slack:
 If any seem but willing, thou invit'st him:
 Or if he do offend thee, thou acquit'st him:
 Thou find'st the lost, and follow'st him that flies,
 Healing the sick, and quickning him that dies:
 Thou art the lame mans friendly staffe, the blinde mans eyes.

So fair thou art, that all would thee behold;
 But none can thee behold, thou art so fair:
 Pardon, O pardon then thy vassall bold,
 That with poore shadows strives thee to compare,

*Her kinde
 offices to
 man.*

And match the things which he knows matchlesse are.

O thou vive mirrour of celestiaall grace,
How can frail colours pourtraict out thy face,
Or paint in flesh thy beautie, in such'semblance base?

53

*Her garments,
wrought by
her own
hands, where-
with she
cloaths her
self, compos'd
of all the
creatures.*

Her upper garment was a filken lawn,
With needle-work richly embroidered;
Which she her self with her own hand had drawn,
And all the world therein had pourtrayed,
With threeds so fresh and lively coloured,
That seem'd the world she new created there;
And the mistaken eye would rashly sweare
The filken trees did grow, and the beasts living were.

54

The Earth.

Low at her feet the Earth was cast alone
(As though to kisse her foot it did aspire,
And gave it self for her to tread upon)
With so unlike and different attire,
That every one that saw it, did admire
What it might be, was of so various hew;
For to it self it oft so diverse grew,
That still it seem'd the same, and still it seem'd a new.

55

Sea.

And here and there few men she scattered,
(That in their thought the world esteem but small,
And themselves great) but she with one fine threed
So short, and small, and slender wove them all,
That like a sort of busie ants that crawl
About some mole-hill, so they wandered;
And round about the waving sea was shed:
But, for the silver sands, small pearls were sprinkled.

So

56

So curiously the underwork did creep,
 And curling circlets so well shadowed lay,
 That afar off the waters seem'd to sleep;
 But those that neare the margin Pearle did play,
 Hoarcely enwaved were with hastie sway,
 As though they meant to rock the gentle eare,
 And hush the former that enlumbred were:
 And here a dangerous rock the flying ships did fear.

57

Aire.

High in the airy element there hung
 Another cloudy sea, that did disdain
 (As though his purer waves from heaven sprung)
 To crawl on earth, as doth the sluggish main:
 But it the earth would water with his rain,
 That eb'd, and flow'd, as winde, and season would,
 And oft the Sun would cleave the limber mould
 To alabaster rocks, that in the liquid rowl'd.

58

Beneath those sunny banks, a darker cloud,
 Dropping with thicker dew, did melt apace,
 And bent it self into a hollow shroud:
 On which, if Mercy did but cast her face,
 A thousand colours did the bow enchace,
 That wonder was to see the silk distain'd
 With the resplendence from her beauty gain'd,
 And Iris paint her locks with beams, so lively feign'd.

59

*The celestiall
bodies.*

About her head a cyprus heav'n she wore,
 Spread like a veil, upheld with silver wire,
 In which the starres so burnt in golden ore,
 As seem'd the azure web was all on fire:

C

But

But hastily, to quench their sparkling ire,
A floud of milk came rowling up the shore,
That on his curded wave swift Argus wore,
And the immortall Swan, that did her life deplore.

60

Yet strange it was, so many starres to see
Without a Sunne, to give their tapers light:
Yet strange it was not that it so should be:
For, where the Sunne centers himself by right,
Her face, and locks did flame, that at the sight,
The heav'nly veil, that else should nimbly move,
Forgot his flight, and all incens'd with love,
With wonder, and amazement, did her beauty prove.

61

*The third
heaven.*

Over her hung a canopie of state,
Not of rich tissew, nor of spangled gold,
But of a substance, though not animate,
Yet of a heav'nly and spirituall mold,
That onely eyes of Spirits might behold:
Such light as from main rocks of diâmournd,
Shooting their sparks at Phœbus, would rebound,
And little Angels, holding hands, daunc't all around.

62

Seemed those little sprights, through nimbleffe bold,
The stately canopy bore on their wings;
But them it self, as pendants, did uphold,
Besides the crowns of many famous kings:
Among the rest, there David ever sings:
And now, with yeares grown young, renews his layes
Unto his golden harp, and ditties playes,
Psalming aloud in well-tun'd songs his Makers praise.

Thou

Thou self-Idea of all joyes to come,
 Whose love is such, would make the rudest speak,
 Whose love is such, would make the wisest dumbe;
 O when wilt thou thy too long silence break,
 And overcome the strong, to save the weak!

If thou no weapons hast, thine eyes will wound
 Th' Almightyes self, that now stick on the ground,
 As though some blessed object there did them empound.

Her objects.

Ah, miserable Abiect of disgrace,
 What happines is in thy miserie!
 I both must pitie, and envie thy case.
 For she, that is the glorie of the skie,
 Leaves heaven blinde to fix on thee her eye:

Repentance.

Yet her (though Mercies self esteems not small)
 The world despis'd, they her Repentance call.
 And she herself despises, and the world, and all.

Deeply, alas, empassioned she stood,
 To see a flaming brand tost up from hell,
 Boyling her heart in her own lustfull blood,
 That oft for torment she would loudly yell,
 Now she would sighing sit, and now she fell

Crouching upon the ground, in sackcloth trust:
 Early and late she pray'd, and fast she must,
 And all her hair hung full of ashes, and of dust.

Of all most hated, yet hated most of all
 Of her own self she was; disconsolat
 (As though her flesh did but infunerall
 Her buried ghost) she in an arbour sat

Of thornie brier, weeping her cursed state:
And her before a hastie river fled,
Which her blinde eyes with faithfull penance fed,
And all about, the grasse with teares hung down his head.

67

Her eyes, though blinde abroad, at home kept fast,
Inwards they turn'd, and look't into her head,
At which she often started, as agast,
To see so fearfull spectacles of dread;
And with one hand her breast she martyred,
Wounding her heart, the same to mortifie,
The other a fair damsell held her by:
Which if but once let go, she sunk immediatly.

Faith.

68

But Faith was quick, and nimble as the heav'n,
As if of love and life she all had been:
And though of present fight her sense were reav'n,
Yet she could see the things could not be seen.
Beyond the starres; as nothing were between,
She fixt her sight, disdaining things below:
Into the sea she could a mountain throw,
And make the Sun to stand, and waters backwards flow.

69

Such when as Mercy her beheld from high,
In a dark valley, drown'd with her own teares,
One of her Graces she sent hastily,
Smiling Eirene, that a garland weares
Of guilded olive on her fairer haire,
To crown the fainting souls true sacrifice:
Whom when as sad Repentance coming spies,
The holy Desperado wip't her swollen eyes.

But

But Mercie felt a kinde remorse to runne
Through her soft vains, and therefore lying fast
To give an end to silence, thus begonne;
A ye-honour'd Father, if no joy thou hast
But to reward desert, reward at last

The Devils voice, spoke with a serpents tongue,
Fit to hisse out the words so deadly stung,
And let him die, deaths bitter charms so sweetly sung.

He was the father of that hopeles season,
That, to serve other gods, forgot their owne
The reason was, thou wast above their reason.
They would have any gods, rather then none,
A beastly serpent, or a senselesse stone:

And these, as Justice hates, so I deplore.

But the up-plowed heart, all rent and tore,
Though wounded by it self, I gladly would restore.

He was but dust: why fear'd he not to fall?
And being fall'n, how can he hope to live?
Cannot the hand destroy him, that made all?
Could he not take away, as well as give?
Should man deprave, and should not God deprive?

Was it not all the worlds deceiving spirit,

(That, bladder'd up with pride of his own merit,
Fell in his rise) that him of heav'n did disinherit?

He was but dust: how could he stand before him?
And being fall'n, why should he fear to die?
Cannot the hand that made him first, restore him?
Deprav'd of sinne, should he deprived lie

*Her depre-
cative speech
for man: in
which*

*she transla-
tes the prin-
cipal fault
unto the De-
vil.*

*And repeat-
ing Justice
her aggrava-
tion of mans
sinne,*

*mitigates
it 1. by a
contrarie in-
ference:*

Of grace? can he not hide infirmitie,
That gave him strength? unworthy the forsaking,
He is, who ever weighs, without mistaking,
Or Maker of the man, or manner of his making.

74

Who shall thy temple incense any more;
Or to thy altar crown the sacrifice;
Or strew with idle flow'rs the hallow'd flore?
Or what should Prayer deck with herbs, and spice,
Her vialls, breathing orisons of price?

2 By inter-
essing her
self in the
cause, and
Christ.

If all must pay that which all cannot pay;
O first begin with me, and Mercie slay,
And thy thrice-honour'd Sonne, that now beneath doth stray.

75

But if or he, or I may live, and speak,
And heav'n can joy to see a sinner weep;
Oh let not Justice iron scepter break
A heart alreadie broke, that low doth creep,
And with prone humbleffe her feets dust doth sweep.

Must all go by desert? is nothing free?

Ah! if but those that onely worthy be,
None should thee ever see, none should thee ever see.

76

That is as
sufficient to
satisfie, as
man was
impotent.

What hath man done, that man shall not undo,
Since God to him is grown so neare a kin?
Did his foe slay him? he shall slay his foe:
Hath he lost all? he all again shall winne:
Is sinne his master? he shall master sinne:

Too hardy soul, with sinne the field to trie:

The onely way to conquer, was to flie;

But thus long death hath liv'd, and now deaths self shall die.

He





View well this Sacred Portraiture, and see
 what pangs thy Saviour felt, and all for thee.
 Wilt thou returne a sacrifice may please
 him who hath felt all this! be then all these:
 Be thou both Priest and knife: reade each part
 thy selfe againe. Go Circumcise thy heart
 Geo: yate sculp

He is a path, if any be misled;
 He is a robe, if any naked be;
 If any chance to hunger, he is bread;
 If any be a bondman, he is free;
 If any be but weak, how strong is he?

To dead men life he is, to sick men health;
 To blinde men sight, and to the needie wealth;
 A pleasure without losse, a treasure without stealth.

Who can forget, never to be forgot,
 The time, that all the world in slumber lies:
 When, like the starres, the singing Angels shot
 To earth, and heav'n awaked all his eyes,
 To see another Sunne at midnight rise

*whom she
 celebrates
 from the time
 of his nati-
 vity.*

On earth? was never sight of pareil fame;
 For God before, man like himself did frame,
 But God himself now like a mortall man became.

A Childe he was, and had not learn't to speak,
 That with his word the world before did make:
 His Mothers arms him bore, he was so weak,
 That with one hand the vaults of heav'n could shake.

*From the ef-
 fects of it in
 himself.*

See how small room my infant Lord doth take,
 Whom all the world is not enough to hold.
 Who of his yeares, or of his age hath told?
 Never such age so young, never a Childe so old.

And yet but newly he was infanted,
 And yet alreadie he was sought to die;
 Yet scarcely born, alreadie banished,
 Not able yet to go, and forc't to flie.

But

But scarcely fled away, when by and by,
The tyrants sword with bloud is all defil'd,
And Rachel, for her sonnes with furie wilde,
Cries, O thou cruell King, and O my sweetest Childe!

81

Egypt.

Egypt his Nurse became, where Nilus springs,
Who straight, to entertain the rising sunne,
The hasty harvest in his bosome brings;
But now for drieth the fields were all undone,
And now with waters all is overrunne:
So fast the Cynthian mountains pour'd their snow,
When once they felt the Sunne so neare them glow,
That Nilus Egypt lost, and to a sea did grow.

82

The Angels.

Men.

The Angels caroll'd loud their song of peace,
The curst Oracles were stricken dumbe,
To see their Shepherd, the poore Shepherds presse,
To see their King, the Kingly Sophies come;
And them to guide unto his Masters home,
A Starre comes dauncing up the orient,
That springs for joy over the strawy tent,
Where gold, to make their Prince a crown, they all present.

83

Young John, glad childe, before he could be born,
Leapt in the wombe; his joy to prophesie:
Old Anna, though with age all spent and worn,
Proclaims her Saviour to posteritie:
And Simeon fast his dying notes doth plie.
Oh, how the blessed souls about him trace!
It is the fire of heav'n thou dost embrace:
Sing Simeon, sing, sing Simeon, sing apace.

With

84

With that the mighty thunder dropt away
 From Gods unwarie arm, now milder grown,
 And melted into teares; as if to pray
 For pardon, and for pitie, it had known,
 That should have been for sacred vengeance thrown:
 Thereto the armies Angelique devow'd
 Their former rage, and all to Mercy bow'd,
 Their broken weapons at her feet they gladly strow'd.

*The effect of
 Mercies
 speech.*

85

Bring, bring, ye Graces, all your silver flasks,
 Painted with every choicest flowre that growes,
 That I may soon unflow'r your fragrant baskets,
 To strow the fields with odours where he goes,
 Let whatsoe're he treads on be a rose.
 So down she let her eyelids fall, to shine
 Upon the rivers of bright Palestine,
 Whole woods drop honey, and her rivers skip with wine.

*A Transition
 to Christs se-
 cond victorie*



D CHRISTS

CHRISTS VICTORIE ON EARTH.

1

*Christ
brought into
the place
of combat,
the wilder-
nesse, among
the wilde
beasts,
Mark 1.13*

Here all alone she spi'd, alas the while!
In shadie darknesse a poore Desolate,
That now had measur'd many a wearie mile,
Through a waste desert, whither heav'nly fate,
And his own will him brought: he praying sate,
And him to prey, as he to pray began,
The Citizens of the wilde Forrest ran,
And all with open throat would swallow whole the man.

2

*Described
by his pro-
per attri-
bute, The
Mercie of
God.*

Soon did the Ladie to her Graces crie,
And on their wings her self did nimbly strow,
After her coach a thousand Loves did flie,
So down into the wildernesse they throw:
Where she, and all her train that with her flow
Thorough the aire wave, with sails so gay,
Sinking into his breast that wearie lay,
Made shipwrack of themselves, and vanisht quite away.

3

Seemed that Man had them devoured all,
Whom to devour the beasts did make pretences;
But him their salvage thirst did nought appall,
Though weapons none he had for his defence:

What



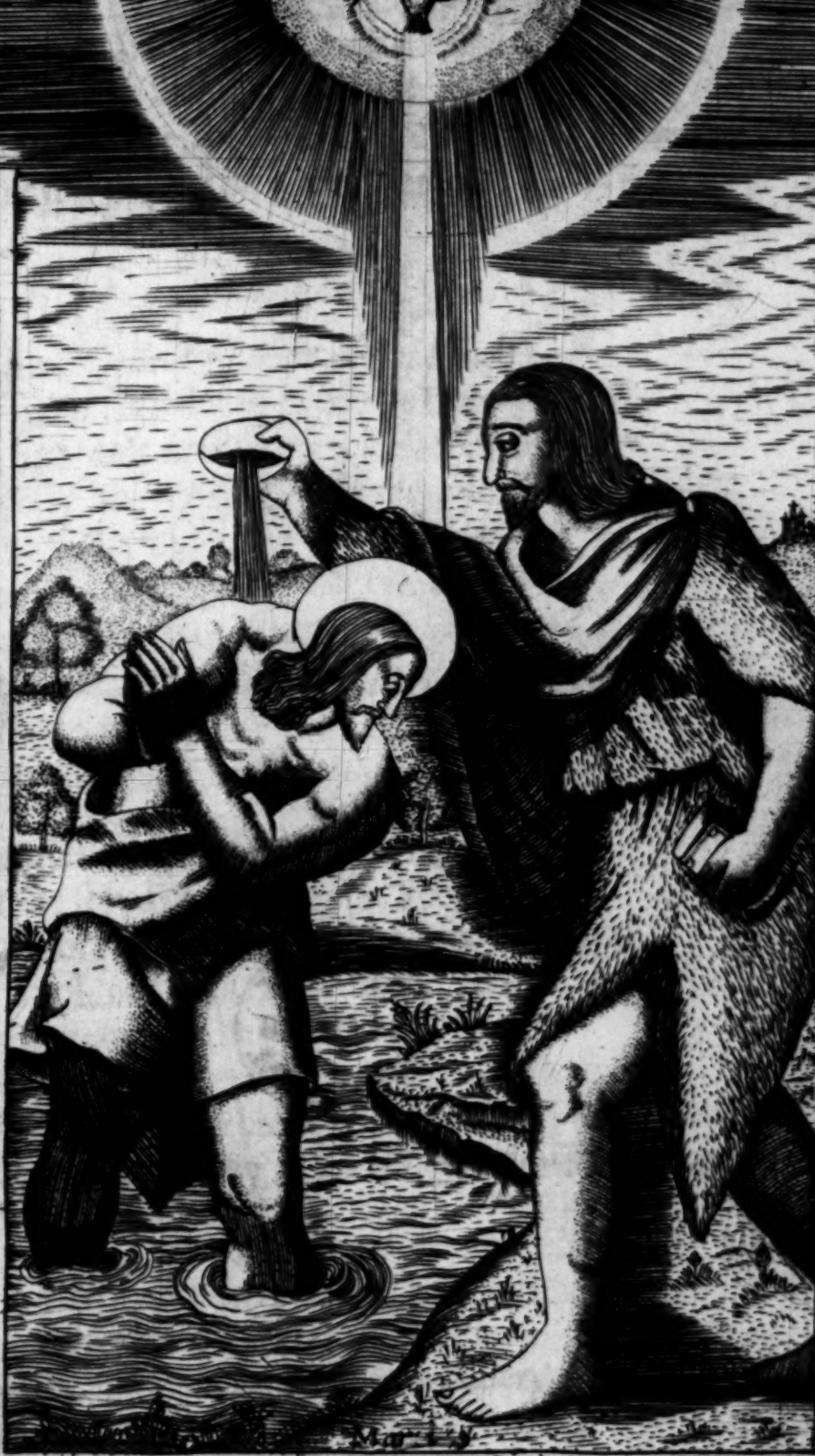
MAR. 5:27



MATTH. 8:7



MARK. 7:14



How many riddlinge thoughts strongly appeare
 Unfolded in this shadow: for first here
 I see the Fountaine in the Streams. I see
 the water washd by washing in't. And wee with
 through nature black to pitch, and meek are se
 to snow, while waters on an other pour'd
 I see againe. I le not say all I can
 least I turne Jordan to an Ocean
 S. V. sculps.



CHRIST'S PASSION

What arms for Innocence, but Innocence?

For when they saw their Lords bright cognizance
Shine in his face, soon did they disadvance,
And some unto him kneel, and some about him dance.

4

Down fell the Lordly Lions angrie mood,
And he himself fell down in congies low;
Bidding him welcome to his waistfull wood,
Sometime he kist the grasse where he did go,
And, as to wash his feet he well did know,
With fauning tongue he lickt away the dust,
And every one would nearest to him thrust,
And every one, with new, forgot his former lust.

*Whom the
creatures
cannot but
adore.*

5

Unmindefull of himself, to minde his Lord,
The Lambe stood gazing by the Tygers side,
As though between them they had made accord,
And on the Lions back the Goat did ride,
Forgetfull of the roughnes of the hide.
If he stood still, their eyes upon him baited,
If walkt, they all in order on him waited,
And when he slept, they as his watch themselves conceited.

6

Wonder doth call me up to see; O no,
I cannot see, and therefore sink in wonder,
The man that shines as bright as God, not so,
For God he is himself, that close lies under
That man, so close, that no time can dislunder
That band; yet not so close, but from him break
Such beams, as mortall eyes are all too weak
Such sight to see, or it, if they should see, to speak.

*By his uni-
tie with the
Godhead.*

*His proper
place.*

7

Upon a grassie hillock he was laid,
With woodie primroses befreckelled:
Over his head the wanton shadows plaid
Of a wilde olive, that her boughs so spread,
As with her leaves she seem'd to crown his head,
And her green arms t' embrace the Prince of peace:
The Sunne so neare, needs must the Winter cease,
The Sunne so neare, another Spring seem'd to increase.

8

*The beantie
of his body.*

Cant. 5.11.

Psal. 45. 2.

His hair was black, and in small curls did twine,
As though it were the shadow of some light,
And underneath his face, as day, did shine;
But sure the day shined not half so bright,
Nor the Sunnes shadow made so dark a night.
Under his lovely locks her head to shroud,
Did make Humilitie her self grow proud:
Hither, to light their lamps, did all the Graces croud.

9

One of ten thousand souls I am, and more,
That of his eyes, and their sweet wounds complain;
Sweet are the wounds of love, never so sore,
Ah, might he often slay me so again!
He never lives, that thus is never slain.

What boots it watch? those eyes, for all my art,
Mine own eyes looking on, have stole my heart:
In them Love bends his bow, and dips his burning dart.

10

As when the Sunne, caught in an adverse cloud,
Flies crosse the world, and there a new begets,
The watry picture of his beauty proud,
Throwes all abraod his sparkling spanglets,

And

And the whole world in dire amazement sets,
 To see two dayes abroad at once, and all
 Doubt whether now he rise, or now will fall:
 So flam'd the Godly flesh, proud of his heav'nly thrall.

II

His cheeks, as snowie apples sopt in wine,
 Had their red roses quencht with lilies white,
 And like to garden strawberries did shine,
 Wash't in a bowl of milk, or rose-buds bright
 Unbosoming their breasts against the light.
 Here love-sick souls did eat, there drank, and made
 Sweet-smelling posies, that could never fade,
 But worldly eyes him thought more like some living shade.

Gen 49.12
 Cant. 5.10

Isa. 53.2.

I2

For laughter never look't upon his brow,
 Though in his face all smiling joyes did bide:
 No silken banners did about him flow,
 Fools make their fetters ensignes of their pride:
 He was best cloath'd when naked was his side.
 A Lambe he was, and wollen fleece he bore,
 Wove with one thread, his feet low sandals wore:
 But bared were his legs, so went the times of yore.

I3

As two white marble pillars that uphold
 Gods holy place where he in glorie sets,
 And rise with goodly grace and courage bold,
 To beare his Temple on their ample jets,
 Vein'd every where with azure rivulets,
 Whom all the people on some holy morn,
 With boughs and flowrie garlands do adorn:
 Of such, though fairer farre, this Temple was upborn.

*By prepa-
ring himself
to the com-
bat*

Twice had Diana bent her golden bow,
And shot from heav'n her silver shafts, to rouse
The sluggish salvages, that den below,
And all the day in lazie covert drouze,
Since him the silent wildernesse did house:
The heav'n his roof, and arbour harbour was,
The ground his bed, and his moist pillow grasse:
But fruit there none did grow, nor rivers none did passe.

*With his
Adversarie,
that seemed
what he was
not,*

At length an aged Syre farre off he saw
Come slowly footing, every step he guest
One of his feet he from the grave did draw.
Three legs he had, the wooden was the best,
And all the way he went, he ever blest
With benedicities, and prayers store,
But the bad ground was blessed ne're the more,
And all his head with snow of Age was waxen hore.

*Some de-
vout Effene*

A good old Hermit he might seem to be,
That for devotion had the world forsaken,
And now was travelling some Saint to see,
Since to his beads he had himself betaken,
Where all his former finnes he might awaken,
And them might wash away with dropping brine,
And almes, and fasts, and churches discipline;
And dead, might rest his bones under the holy shrine.

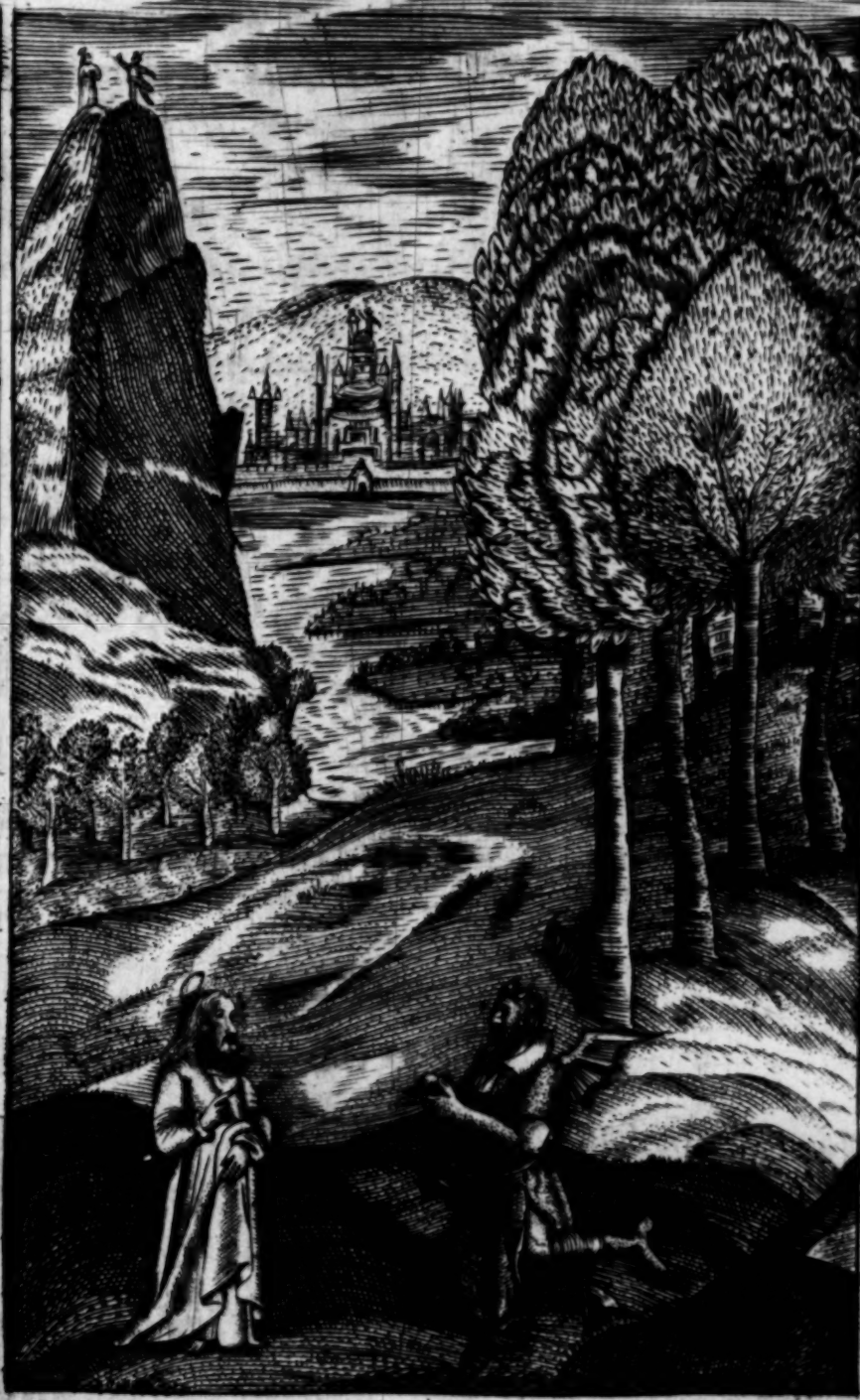
But when he nearer came, he lowted low
With prone obeyfance, and with curt'sie kinde,
That at his feet his head he seem'd to throw:
What needs him now another Saint to finde?



JOHN 5:6



JOH: 8:1



MAR 9:4



JOH: 8:1

Tis written. Thus the tempter faught And thus
by scriptures wrack'd he oft preuailes on vs
weake flesh, and blood But that he did doe
by Moses, and the prophets to insnare
the sonne of God; thinck it not strange that he
became confounded in his policie
for sure it could but slender hopes afford
he by the scriptures should orecome y^e wor
ldlyate



Affections are the sails, and faith the winde,
That to this Saint a thousand souls convey
Each houre: O happy Pilgrims thither stray!
What caren they for beasts, or for the wearie way?

18

Soon the old Palmer his devotions sung,
Like pleasing anthems moduled in time;
For well that aged Syre could tip his tongue
With golden foyl of eloquence, and lime,
And lick his rugged speech with pbrases prime.

Ay me, quoth he, how many yeares have been,
Since these old eyes the Sunne of heav'n have seen!
Certes the Sonne of heav'n they now behold I ween.

19

Ah, mote my humble cell so blessed be
As heav'n to welcome in his lowly roof,
And be the temple for thy deitie!
Lo how my cottage worships thee aloof,
That under ground hath hid his head, in proof
It doth adore thee with the feeling low,
Here honey, milk, and chesnuts wilde do grow,
The boughs a bed of leaves upon thee shall bestow.

20

But oh, he said, and therewith sigh't full deep;
The heav'ns, alas, too envious are grown,
Because our fields thy presence from them keep;
For stones do grow where corn was lately sown:
(So stooping down, he gather'd up a stone)
But thou with corn canst make this stone to eare.
What needen we the angry heav'ns to fear?
Let them envie us still, so we enjoy thee here.

(Closely
tempting
him to de-
spair of
Gods provi-
dence, and
provide for
himself.)

Thus

*But was
what be-see-
med not, Sa-
tan, and
would fain
have led
him*

Thus on they wandred; but those holy weeds
A monstrous Serpent, and no man did cover.
So under greenest herbs the Adder feeds:
And round about that stinking corps did hover
The dismall Prince of gloomie night, and over
His ever-damned head the shadows err'd
Of thousand peccant ghosts, unseen, unheard,
And all the Tyrant fears, and all the Tyrant fear'd.

He was the sonne of blackest Acheron,
Where many frozen souls do chat'ring lie;
And rul'd the burning waves of Phlegethon,
Where many more in flaming sulphur frie,
At once compell'd to live, and forc't to die,
Where nothing can be heard for the loud crie
Of oh, and ah, and out alas, that I
Or once again might live, or once at length might die.

*1. To despe-
ration, cha-
ractered by
his place,*

Ere long they came neare to a balefull bowre,
Much like the mouth of that infernall cave,
That gaping stood all comers to devoure,
Dark, dolefull, dreary, like a greedy grave,
That still for carrion carcases doth crave.
The ground no herbs, but venomous did beare,
Nor ragged trees did leave; but every where
Dead bones, and skulls were cast, and bodies hanged were.

Upon the roof the bird of sorrow sat
Elonging joyfull day with her sad note,
And through the shady aire the fluttering bat
Did wave her leather tails, and blindely fote,

While

While with her wings the fatall Shreechowl smote
Th' unblest houſe, there on a craggy ſtone
Celeno hung, and made his direfull mone,
And all about the murdered ghosſts did ſhreek, and grone.

25

Like cloudie moonſhine in ſome ſhadowie grove,
Such was the ſight in which D E S P A I R did dwell,
But he himſelf with night for darkneſſe ſtrove.
His black uncombed locks diſhevell'd fell
About his face; through which, as brands of hell,
Sunk in his ſkull, his ſtaring eyes did glow,
That made him deadly look, their glimpe did ſhow
Like Cockatrice eyes, that ſparks of poyſon throw.

Counte-
nance, Ap-
parrell, hor-
rible appa-
ritions, &c.

26

His cloaths were ragged clouts, with thorns pind faſt:
And as he muſing lay, to ſtonie fright
A thouſand wilde Chimæra's would him caſt:
As when a fearfull dream, in miſt of night,
Skips to the brain, and phanſies to the fight
Some winged Furie, ſtraight the haſty foot,
Eager to flie, cannot pluck up his roor;
The voice dies in the tongue, and mouth gapes without boot.

27

Now he would dream that he from heaven fell,
And then would ſnatch the aire, afraid to fall;
And now he thought he ſinking was to hell,
And then would graſp the earth, and now his fall
Him ſeemed hell, and then he out would crawl:

And ever, as he crept, would ſquint aſide,
Leſt him, perhaps, ſome Furie had eſpide,
And then, alas, he ſhould in chains for ever bide.

E

There-

Therefore he softly shrunk, and stole away,
 Ne ever durst to draw his breath for fear,
 Till to the doore he came, and there he lay
 Panting for breath, as though he dying were;
 And still he thought he felt their craples teare
 Him by the heels back to his ugly denne:
 Out fain he would have leapt abroad, but then
 The heav'n, as hell, he fear'd, that punish guilty men.

Within the gloomie hole of this pale wight
 The Serpent woo'd him with his charms to inne,
 There he might bait the day, and rest the night:
 But under that same bait a fearfull grin
 Was ready to intangle him in sinne.
 But he upon ambrosia daily fed,
 That grew in Eden, thus he answered:
 So both away were caught, and to the Temple fled.

Well knew our Saviour this the Serpent was,
 And the old Serpent knew our Saviour well;
 Never did any this in falsehood passe,
 Never did any him in truth excell.
 With him we fly to heav'n, from heav'n we fell
 With him: but now they both together met
 Upon the sacred pinacles, that threat,
 With their aspiring tops, Astras starrie seat.

2. To Pre-
 sumption,
 charactered
 by her place,

Here did PRESUMPTION her pavilion spread
 Over the Temple, the bright starres among,
 (Ah that her foot should trample on the head
 Of that most reverend place!) and a lewd throng

Of wanton boyes sung her a pleasant song
Of love, long life, of mercy, and of grace,
And every one her dearly did embrace,
And she herself enamour'd was of her own face.

Attendants,
&c.

32

A panted face belied with vermayl store,
Which light Euelpis every day did trimme,
That in one hand a gilded anchor wore,
Not fixed on the rock, but on the brimme
Of the wide aire, she let it loosely swimme:
Her other hand sprinkle carried,
And ever, when the Lady wavered,
Court-holy water all up on her sprinkled.

33

Poore fool, she thought herself in wondrous price
With God, as if in Paradise she were;
But, were she not in a fools paradise,
She might have seen more reason to despaire;
But him she, like some ghastly fiend, did feare.
And therefore as that wretch hew'd out his cut
Under the bowels, in the heart of hell;
So she above the Moon, amid the starres would dwell.

34

Her Tent with Sunny clouds was feel'd aloft,
And so exceeding shone with a false light,
That heav'n it self to her it seemed oft,
Heav'n without clouds to her deluded sight;
But clouds withouten heav'n it was aright:
And as her house was built, so did her brain
Build castles in the aire, with idle pain,
But heart she never had in all her body vain.

E 2

Like

Like as a ship, in which no ballance lies,
 Without a Pilot, on the sleeping waves,
 Fairly along with winde and water flies,
 And painted masts with silken sails embraves,
 That Neptunes self the bragging vessel saves,
 To laugh a while at her so proud aray,
 Her waving streamers loosely she lets play,
 And flagging colours shine as bright as smiling day.

But all so soon as heav'n his brows doth bend,
 She veils her banners, and pulls in her beams,
 The emptie bark the raging billows end,
 Up to th' Olympique waves, and Argus seems
 Again to ride upon our lower beams:
 Right so PRESUMPTION did her self behave,
 Tossed about with ever stormie wave,
 And in white lawn she went, most like an Angel brave.

*And by her
 Tempta-
 tion.*

Gently our Saviour she began to thrive,
 Whether he were the Sonne of God, or no;
 For any other she disdain'd to wive;
 And if he were, she bid him fearlesse throw
 Himself to ground; and therewithall did show
 A flight of little Angels, that did wait
 Upon their glittering wings, to larch him straight;
 And longed on their backs to feel his glorious weight.

But when she saw her speech prevailed nought,
 Herself she tumbled headlong to the flore:
 But him the Angels on their feathers caught,
 And to an airie mountain nimbly bore,

Whose

Whose snowie shoulders, like some chaulkie shore,
Restlesse Olympus seem'd to rest upon
With all his swimming globes : so both are gone,
The Dragon with the Lambe. Ah, unmeet Paragon!

39

All suddenly the hill his snow devoures,
In lieu whereof a goodly garden grew,
As if the snow had melted into flow'rs,
Which their sweet breath in subtill vapours threw,
That all about perfumed spirits flew.

For whatsoever might aggrate the sense,
In all the world, or please the appetite,
Here it was poured out in lavish affluence.

40

Not lovely Ida might with this compare,
Though many streams his banks besilvered,
Though Xanthus with his golden sands he bare:
Nor Hybla, though his thyme depastured,
As fast again with honey blossomed:

Ne Rhodope, ne Tempes flowrie plain:
Adonis garden was to this but vain,
Though Plato on his beds a flood of praise did rain.

41

For in all these some one thing most did grow,
But in this one grew all things else beside;
For sweet varietie herself did throw
To every bank, here all the ground shee dide
In lilie white, there pinks eblazed wide,
And damaskt all the earth; and here shee shed
Blew violets, and there came roses red:
And every sight the yeelding sense as captive led.

E 3

The

3. To Vain-
glory.

Poetically
described
from the
place where
her court
stood.
A garden.

The garden like a Ladie fair was cut,
 That lay as if she slumber'd in delight,
 And to the open skies her eyes did shut,
 The azure fields of heav'n were 'sembled right
 In a large round, set with the flow'rs of light:
 The flow'rs-de-luce, and the round sparks of dew,
 That hung upon their azure leaves, did shew
 Like twinckling starres, that sparkle in the evening blew.

Upon a hillie bank her head she cast,
 On which the bowre of Vain-delight was built,
 White, and red roses for her face were plac't,
 And for her tresses Marigolds were spilt:
 Them broadly she displaid, like flaming gilt,
 Till in the ocean the glad day were drown'd:
 Then up again her yellow locks she wound,
 And with green fillets in their prettie calls them bound.

What should I here depaint her lillie hand,
 Her veins of violets, her ermine breast,
 Which there in orient colours living stand:
 Or how her gown with silken leaves is drest,
 Or how her watchmen, arm'd with boughie crest,
 A wall of prim hid in his bushes bears,
 Shaking at every winde their leavie spears,
 While she supinely sleeps, ne to be waked fears?

Over the hedge depends the graping Elm,
 Whose greener head, empurpuled in wine,
 Seemed to wonder at his bloudy helm,
 And half suspect the bunches of the vine,

Left they perhaps his wit should undermine,
For well he knew such fruit he never bore:
But her weak arms embraced him the more,
And with her ruby grapes laught at her paramour.

46

Under the shadow of these drunken elms
A fountain rose, where Pangloretta uses
(When her some flood of fancie overwhelms,
And one of all her favorites she chuses)
To bathe herself, whom she in lust abuses,
And from his wanton body sucks his soul,
Which drown'd in pleasure, in that shaly bowl,
And swimming in delight, doth amorously rowl.

47

The font of silver was, and so his showres
In silver fell, onely the gilded bowls
(Like to a fornace, that the min'rall powres)
Seem'd to have moul't it in their shining holes:
And on the water, like to burning coles,
On liquid silver leaves of roses lay:
But when PANGLORY here did list to play,
Rose-water then it ranne, and milk it rain'd they say.

48

The roof thick clouds did paint, from which three boyes
Three gaping mermaids with their eawrs did feed,
Whose breasts let fall the stream, with sleepey noise,
To Lions mouths, from whence it leapt with speed,
And in the rose laver seem'd to bleed.

The naked boyes unto the waters fall;
Their stonie nightingales had taught to call,
When Zephyr breath'd into their watry interall.

And

And all about, embayed in soft sleep,
 A heard of charmed beasts aground were spread,
 Which the fair Witch in golden chains did keep,
 And them in willing bondage fettered:
 Once men they liv'd, but now the men were dead,
 And turn'd to beasts, so fabled Homer old,
 That Circe, with her potion, charm'd in gold,
 Us'd manly souls in beastly bodies to immould.

*From her
 Court, and
 Courtiers.*

Through this false Eden, to his Lemans bowre,
 (Whom thousand souls devoutly idolize)
 Our first Destroyer led our Saviour,
 There in the lower room, in solemne wise,
 They danc't a round, and pour'd their sacrifice
 To plump Lyæus, and among the rest,
 The jolly Priest, in ivie garlands drest,
 Chaunted wilde Orgialls, in honour of the feast.

*1. Pleasure
 in drinking.*

Others within their arbours swilling fat
 (For all the room about was arbour'd)
 With laughing Bacchus, that was grown so fat,
 That stand he could not, but was carried,
 And every evening freshly watered,
 To quench his fierie checks, and all about
 Small cocks broke through the wall, and sallied out
 Flaggons of wine, to set on fire that spueing rout.

This their inhumed souls esteem'd their wealths,
 To crown the bouzing kan from day to night,
 And sick to drink themselves with drinking healths,
 Some vomiting, all drunken with delight.

Hence

Hence to a loft carv'd all in yvorie white

In Luxury.

They came, where whiter Ladies naked went;
Melted in pleasure, and soft languishment,
And sunk in beds of roses, amorous glances sent,

53

Flie, flie, thou holy childe, that wanton room;
And thou my chaster Muse those harlots shun,
And with him to a higher storie come,
Where mounts of gold, and fouds of silver runne,
The while the owners, with their wealth undone,
Starve in their store, and in their plenty pine,
Tumbling themselves upon their heaps of mine,
Glutting their famisht souls with the deceitfull shine,

2. Avarice.

54

Ah! who was he such precious perils found?
How strongly Nature did her treasures hide,
And threw upon them mountains of thick ground,
To dark their orie lustre! but queint Pride
Hath taught her Sonnes to wound their mothers side,
And gage the depth, to search for flaring shells,
In whose bright bosome spumie Bacchus swells,
That neither heav'n, nor earth henceforth in safetie dwells,

55

O sacred hunger of the greedie eye,
Whose need hath end, but no end covetise,
Emptie in fulnesse, rich in povertie,
That having all things, nothing can suffice,
How thou befanciest the men most wise!

The poore man would be rich, the rich man great,
The great man King, the King, in Gods own seat
Enthron'd, with mortal arm dares flames, and thunder threat.

F

There-

3. *Ambitious honour.*

56

Therefore above the rest Ambition sate,
His Court with glitterant pearl was all enwall'd,
And round about the wall in chairs of State,
And most majestique splendour, were enstall'd
A hundred Kings, whose temples were impall'd
In golden diadems, set here and there
With diamonds, and gemmed every where,
And of their golden virges none disceptred were.

57

From her throne.

High over all, P A N G L O R I E S blazing throne,
In her bright turret, all of crystall wrought,
Like Phoebus lamp, in midst of heaven, shone:
Whose starry top, with pride infernall fraught,
Self-arching columnes to uphold were taught:
In which her Image still reflected was
By the smooth crystall, that most like her glasse,
In beauty and in frailtie did all others passe.

58

A silver wand the Sorceresse did sway,
And, for a crown of gold, her hair she wore;
Onely a garland of rosebuds did play
About her locks, and in her hand she bore
A hollow globe of glasse, that long before
She full of emptinesse had bladdered,
And all the world therein depicted:
Whose colours, like the rain-bow, ever vanished.

59

Such watry orbicles young boyes do blow
Out from their sopy shels, and much admire
The swimming world, which tenderly they row
With easie breath till it be waved higher:

But

CHRIST'S VINDICATION 45
But if they chance but roughly once aspire,
The painted bubble instantly doth fall.
Here when she came, she 'gan for musick call,
And sung this wooing song, to welcome him withall.

Love is the blossome where there blows
Every thing that lives or grows:
Love doth make the heav'ns to move,
And the Sunne doth burn in love:
Love the strong and weak doth yoke,
And makes the yvie climbe the oke;
Under whose shadows Lions wilde,
Soft'ned by Love, grow tame and milde:
Love no med'cine can appease,
He burns the fishes in the seas;
Not all the skill his wounds can stench,
Not all the sea his fire can quench:
Love did make the bloody speare
Once a leavie coat to weare,
While in his leaves there shrouded lay
Sweet birds, for love, that sing and play:
And of all loves joyfull flame,
I the bud, and blossome am.
Onely bend thy knee to me,
Thy wooing shall thy winning be.

See, see the flowers that below,
Now as fresh as morning blow,
And of all, the virgin rose,
That as bright Aurora shows:
How they all unleaved die,
Loosing their virginitie;
Like unto a summer-shade,
But now born, and now they fade.

From her
temptation.

Every thing doth passe away,
 There is danger in delay:
 Come, come gather then the rose,
 Gather it, or it you lose.
 All the sand of Tagus shore
 Into my bosome casts his ore;
 All the valleys swimming corn
 To my house is yearly born:
 Every grape of every vine
 Is gladly bruis'd to make me wine,
 While ten thousand kings, as proud,
 To carry up my train have bow'd,
 And a world of Ladies send me
 In my chambers to attend me.
 All the starres in heav'n that shine,
 And ten thousand more, are mine:
 Onely bend thy knee to me,
 Thy wooing shall thy winning be.

60

Thus fought the dire Enchauntresse in his minde
 Her guilefull bait to have embosomed:
 But he her charms disperfed into winde,
 And her of insolence admonished,
 And all her optique glasses shattered.
 So with her Syre to hell she took her flight,
 (The starting aire flew from the damned spright)
 Where deeply both aggriev'd, plunged themselves in night.

61

But to their Lord, now musing in his thought,
 A heavenly volie of light Angels flew,
 And from his Father him a banquet brought,
 Through the fine element; for well they knew,

*The effect
 of this vi-
 sion in
 Satyr.*

The Angels

After

After his Lenten fast, he hungry grew:
 And, as he fed, the holy quires combine
 To sing a hymne of the celestiall Trine;
 All thought to passe, and each was past all thought divine.

62

The birds sweet notes, to sonnet out their joyes,
 Attemper'd to the layes Angelicall;
 And to the birds, the windes attune their noise;
 And to the windes, the waters hoarcely call,
 And Eccho back again revoiced all;
 That the whole valley rung with victorie.
 But now our Lord to rest doth homewards flie:
 See how the night comes stealing from the mountains high.

*The crea-
 tures.*

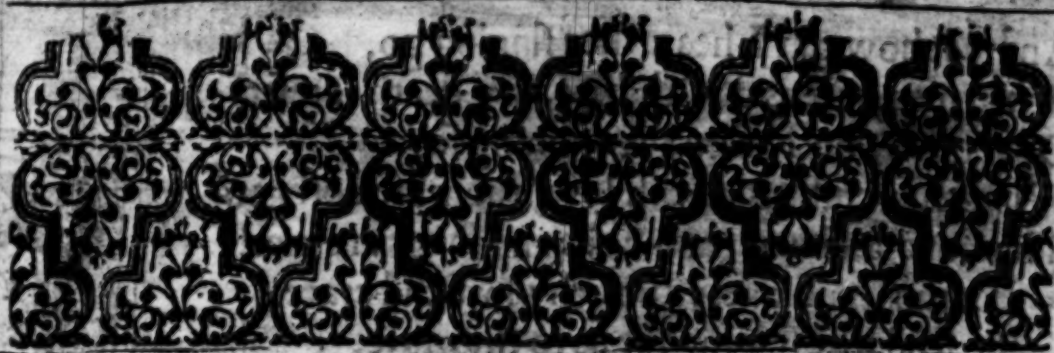








What you see here does but the picture show
 of sorrowes picture. Miracle of woe:
 Greefe was miscall'd till now, what plaints before
 here mould the bowells of the earth: or toare
 the rocks: nay more: the heauins put out their lig
 and trued with darknes, to auoid that sight.
 Blind Israell: this, this your hardness shewes:
 yee then turn'd stones, whilst thus those stones turn
 G. Y. sculp.



CHRISTS TRIUMPH OVER DEATH.

SO down the silver streams of Eridan,
On either side bank't with a lily wall,
Whiter then both, rides the triumphant Swan,
And sings his dirge, and prophesies his fall,
Diving into his wat'rie funerall:
But Eridan to Cedron must submit
His flowry shore; nor can he envie it,
If when Apollo sings, his swans do silent sit.

That heav'nly voice I more delight to heare,
Then gentle aires to breathe, or swelling waves
Against the sounding rocks their bosomes reare,
Or whistling reeds, that ruddy Jordan laves,
And with their verdure his white head embraces,
To chide the windes, or hiving bees, that flie
About the laughing blossoms of fallowie,
Rocking asleep the idle grooms that lazie lie.

G

And

*Christ's Tri-
umph over
death, on
the crosse,
expressed in
generall by
his joy to un-
dergo it:
singing be-
fore he went
to the
garden,
Mat. 26. 30.*

And yet how can I heare thee singing go,
 When men, incens'd with hate, thy death foreset?
 Or els, why do I heare thee sighing so,
 When thou, inflam'd with love, their life dost get?
 That love and hate, and sighs and songs are met!
 But thus, and onely thus thy love did crave,
 To send thee singing for us to thy grave,
 While we sought thee to kill, and thou sought'st us to save.

*By his grief
 in the un-
 dergoing it.*

When I remember Christ our burden beares;
 I look for glory, but finde miserie;
 I look for joy, but finde a sea of teares;
 I look that we should live, and finde him die;
 I look for Angels songs, and heare him crie:
 Thus what I look, I cannot finde so well;
 Or rather, what I finde I cannot tell,
 These banks so narrow are, those streams so highly swell.

Christ suffers, and in this his teares begin;
 Suffers for us, and our joy springs in this;
 Suffers to death, here is his Manhood seen;
 Suffers to rise, and here his Godhead is.
 For Man, that could not by himself have ris,
 Out of the grave doth by the Godhead rise,
 And God, that could not die, in Manhood dies,
 That we in both might live by that sweet sacrifice.

Go giddy brains, whose wits are thought so fresh;
 Pluck all the flow'rs that Nature forth doth throw;
 Go stick them on the cheeks of wanton flesh:
 Poore idol (forc't at once to fall and grow)

Of fading roses, and of melting snow :

Your songs exceed your matter, this of mine,
The matter which it sings shall make divine;
As starres dull puddles gild, in which their beauties shine.

7

Who doth not see drown'd in Deucalions name
(When earth his men, and sea had lost his shore)
Old Noah? and in Nisus lock the fame
Of Sampson yet alive? and long before
In Phaethons, mine own fall I deplore:
But he that conquer'd hell, to fetch again
His virgin widow, by a serpent slain,
Another Orpheus was then dreaming poets feigne:

*By the ob-
scure fables
of the Gen-
tiles typing
it.*

8

That taught the stones to melt for passion,
And dormant sea, to heare him, silent lie;
And at his voice, the watrie nation
To flock, as if they deem'd it cheap, to buy
With their own deaths his sacred harmonie:
The while the waves stood still to heare his song,
And steadie shore wav'd with the reeling throng
Of thirsty souls, that hung upon his fluent tongue.

9

What better friendship then to cover shame?
What greater love, then for a friend to die?
Yet this is better to atself the blame,
And this is greater, for anemie:
But more then this, to die, not suddenly,
Not with some common death, or easie pain,
But slowly, and with torments to be slain:
O depth without a depth, farre better seen, then fain!

*By the cause
of it in him,
his love.*

10

By the ef-
fect it should
have in us.

And yet the Sonne is humbled for the Slave,
And yet the Slave is proud before the Sonne:
Yet the Creator for his creature gave
Himself, and yet the creature hastes to runne
From his Creator, and self-good doth shunne:
And yet the Prince, and God himself doth crie
To man, his Traitor, pardon not to flie;
Yet man is God, and Traitor doth his Prince defie.

11

Who is it sees not that he nothing is,
But he that nothing sees? what weaker brest;
Since Adams armour fail'd, dares warrant his?
That made by God of all his creatures best,
Straight made himself the worst of all the rest.

" If any strength we have, it is to ill,

" But all the good is Gods, both pow'r and will:
The dead man cannot rise, though he himself may kill,

12

But let the thorny schools these punctualls
Of wills, all good, or bad, or neuter dis;
Such joy we gained by our parentalls,
That good, or bad, whether I cannot wifs,
To call it a mishap, or happy mis
That fell from Eden, and to heav'n did rise:
Albe the mitred Card'nall more did prize
His part in Paris, then his part in Paradise.

13

By the in-
strument,
the cursed
Tree.

A Tree was first the instrument of strife,
Where Eve to sinne her soul did prostitute;
A Tree is now the instrument of life,
Though ill that trunk, and this fair body suite:

Ah

Ah curfed tree, and yet O blessed fruit!

That death to him, this life to us doth give:

Strange is the cure, when things past cure revive,

And the Physician dies, to make his patient live.

14

Sweet Eden was the arbour of delight,

Yet in his honey flow'rs our poison blew;

Sad Gethseman the bowre of balefull night,

Where Christ a health of poison for us drew,

Yet all our honey in that poison grew:

So we from sweetest flow'rs could suck our bane,

And Christ from bitter venome could again

Extract life out of death, and pleasure out of pain.

15

A Man was first the author of our fall,

A Man is now the author of our rise;

A Garden was the place we perisht all,

A Garden is the place he payes our price:

And the old Serpent with a new device,

Hath found a way himself for to beguile:

So he that all men tangled in his wile,

Is now by one man caught, beguil'd with his own guile.

16

The deawie night had with her frostie shade

Immant'led all the world, and the stiffe ground

Sparkled in ice, onely the Lord, that made

All for himself, himself dissolved found,

Sweat without heat, and bled without a wound:

Of heav'n, and earth, and God, and man forlore,

Thrice begging help of those, whose sinnes he bore,

And thrice denied of those, not to deny had swore.

G. 3

Yet

2. exprest in
particular,

1. by his
fore-passion
in the Gar-
den.

Yet had he been alone of God forsaken,
 Or had his body been imbroyl'd alone
 In fierce assault; he might, perhaps, have taken
 Some joy in soul, when all joy els was gone,
 But that with God, and God to heav'n is flow'n;
 And hell it self out from her grave doth rise,
 Black as the starlesse night, and with them flies,
 Yet blacker then they both, the Sonne of blasphemies.

As when the Planets, with unkinde aspect,
 Call from her caves the meager pestilence;
 The sacred vapour, eager to infect,
 Obeyes the voice of the sad influence,
 And vomits up a thousand noisome fents,
 The well of life, flaming his golden foud
 With the sick aire, fevers the boyling bloud,
 And poisons all the body with contagious food.

The bold Phyfician, too incautelous,
 By those he cures himself is murdered:
 Kindenesse infects, pitie is dangerous,
 And the poore infant, yet not fully bred,
 There where he should be born lies buried:
 So the dark Prince, from his infernall cell,
 Casts up his griesly Torturers of hell,
 And whets them to revenge with this insulting spell.

See how the world smiles in eternall peace,
 While we, the harmlesse brats, and rustie throng
 Of night, our snakes in curles do prank and dresse:
 Why sleep our drowzie scorpions so long?

Where is our wonted vertue to do wrong?

Are we our selves? or are we Graces grown?

The Sonnes of hell, or heav'n? was never known

Our whips so over-moss't, and brands so deadly blown.

21.

O long desired, never hop't for houre,

When our Tormentour shall our torments feel!

Arm, arm your selves, sad Dires of my pow'r,

And make our Judge for pardon to us kneel:

Slife, launch, dig, teare him with your whips of steel.

My self in honour of so noble prize,

Will poure you reaking bloud, shed with the cries

Of hastie helres, who their own fathers sacrifice.

22

With that a floud of poison, black as hell,

Out from his filthy gorge the beast did spue,

That all about his blessed bodie fell,

And thousand flaming serpents hissing flew

About his soul, from hellish sulphur threw,

And every one brandisht his fiery tongue,

And worming all about his soul they clung;

But he their stings tore out, and to the ground them flung.

23

So have I seen a rocks heroick breast,

Against proud Neptune, that his ruine threats;

When all his waves he hath to battle prest,

And with a thousand swelling billows beats

The stubborn stone, and foams, and chafes, and frets

To heave him from his root, unmoved stand;

And more in heaps the barking surges band,

The more in pieces beat, flie weeping to the strand.

So

So may we oft a vent'rous father see,
 To please his wanton sonne, his onely joy,
 Coast all about, to catch the roving bee,
 And stung himself, his busie hands employ
 To save the honey for the gamesome boy:
 Or from the snake her rank'rous teeth erace,
 Making his childe the toothlesse Serpent chase,
 Or, with his little hands her tum'rous gorge embrace.

Thus Christ himself to watch and sorrow gives,
 While, deaw'd in easie sleep, dead Peter lies:
 Thus Man in his own grave securely lives,
 While Christ alive, with thousand horrors dies,
 Yet more for theirs, then his own pardon cries:
 No finnes he had, yet all our finnes he bare,
 So much doth God for others evils care,
 And yet so carelesse men for their own evils are.

*By his passi-
 on it self,
 amplified
 1. from the
 generall
 causes.*

See drowzie Peter, see where Judas wakes,
 Where Judas kisses him whom Peter flies:
 O kisse more deadly then the sting of snakes!
 False love more hurtfull then true injuries!
 Aye me! how dearly God his Servant buies?
 For God his man at his own blood doth hold,
 And man his God for thirtie pence hath sold.
 So tinne for silver goes, and dunghill drosse for gold.

Yet was it not enough for Sinne to chuse
 A Servant, to betray his Lord to them;
 But that a Subject must his King accuse,
 But that a Pagan must his God condemne,

But that a Father must his Sonne contemne,
But that the Sonne must his own death desire,
That Prince, and People, Servant, and the Sire,
Gentile, and Jew, and he against himself conspire?

28

Was this the oyl, to make thy Saints adore thee,
The froathy spittle of the rascall throng?
Are these the virges, that are born before thee,
Base whips of cord, and knotted all along?
Is this thy golden scepter, against wrong,
A reedie cane? is that the crown adorns
Thy shining locks, a crown of spiny thorns?
Are these the Angels hymnes, the Priests blasphemous scorns?

Parts, and

29

Who ever saw Honour before asham'd,
Afflicted Majestie, debased Height,
Innocence guiltie, Honestie defam'd,
Libertie bound, Health sick, the Sunne in night?
But since such wrong was offred unto right,
Our night is day, our sicknesse health is grown,
Our shame is veild, this now remains alone
For us, since he was ours, that we be not our own.

Effects
of it.

30

Night was ordain'd for rest, and not for pain;
But they, to pain their Lord, their rest contemne,
Good laws to save, what bad men would have slain,
And not bad Judges, with one breath, by them
The innocent to pardon, and condemne:
Death for revenge of murderers, not decay
Of guiltlesse bloud, but now all headlong sway
Mans Murderer to save, mans Saviour to slay.

I. From
the particu-
lar causes.

H

Frail

Frail multitude! whose giddy law is list,
 And best applause is windy flattering,
 Most like the breath of which it doth consist,
 No sooner blown, but as soon vanishing,
 As much desir'd, as little profiting,
 That makes the men that have it oft as light,
 As those that give it, which the proud invite,
 And fear; the bad mans friend, the good mans hypocrite.

Parts, and

It was but now their sounding clamours sung,
 Blessed is he that comes from the most high,
 And all the mountains with Hosanna rung;
 And now, Away with him, away, they crie,
 And nothing can be heard but Crucifie:
 It was but now, the Crown it self they save,
 And golden name of King unto him gave;
 And now, no King, but onely Caesar, they will have.

It was but now they gathered blooming May,
 And of his arms disrob'd the branching tree,
 To strow with boughs and blossomes all thy way;
 And now the branchlesse trunk a crosse for thee,
 And May, dismay'd, thy coronet must be:
 It was but now they were so kinde to throw
 Their own best garments, where thy feet should go;
 And now thy self they strip, and bleeding wounds they show.

See where the Author of all life is dying:
 O fearfull day! he dead, what hope of living?
 See where the hopes of all our lives are buyings:
 O chearfull day! they bought, what fear of grieving?

Love love for hate, and death for life is giving:

Lo how his arms are stretcht abroad to grace thee,

And, as they open stand, call to embrace thee:

Why stay'st thou then, my soul! ô flie, flie, thither haste thee.

35

His rarious head with shamefull thorns they teare,

Histender back with bloudy whips they rent,

His side and heart they furrow with a speare,

His hands and feet with riving nails they tent,

And, as to disentrail his soul they meant,

They jolly at his grief, and make their game,

His naked body to expose to shame,

That all might come to see, and all might see that came,

36

Whereat the heav'n put out his guilty eye,

That durst behold so execrable sight,

And sabled all in black the shadie skie,

And the pale starres, struck with unwonted fright,

Quenched their everlasting lamps in night:

And at his birth as all the starres heav'n had,

Were not enow, but a new starre was made;

So now both new, and old, and all away did fade.

37

The mazed Angels shook their fierie wings,

Ready to lighten vengeance from Gods throne;

One down his eyes upon the Manhood flings,

Another gazes on the Godhead, none

But surely thought his wits were not his own.

Some flew to look if it were very he:

But when Gods arm unarmed they did see,

Albe they saw it was, they vow'd it could not be.

*Effects of it
in heaven.*

*In the hea-
venly Spi-
rits.*

*In the crea-
tures subce-
lestiall.*

38

The fadded aire hung all in cheerlesse black,
Through which the gentle windes soft sighing flew,
And Jordan into such huge sorrow brake,
(As if his holy stream no measure knew)
That all his narrow banks he overthrew;
The trembling earth with horreur inly shook,
And stubborn stones, such grief untus'd to brook,
Did burst, and ghosts awaking from their graves 'gan look.

39

*In the wick-
ed Jews.*

The wise Philosopher cried, all agast,
The God of nature surely languished;
The sad Centurion cried out as fast,
The Sonne of God, the Sonne of God was dead;
The headlong Jew hung down his pensive head,
And homewards far'd; and ever, as he went,
He smote his breast, half desperately bent;
The verie woods and beasts did seem his death lament.

40

In Judas.

The gracelesse Traitour round about did look,
(He look't not long, the Devil quickly met him)
To finde a halter, which he found; and took,
Onely a gibbet now he needs must get him;
So on a wither'd tree he fairly set him;
And helpt him fit the rope, and in his thought
A thousand Furies, with their whips, he brought:
So there he stands, readie to hell to make his vault.

41

For him a waking bloudhound, yelling loud;
That in his bosome long had sleeping laid,
A guiltie Conscience, barking after bloud,
Pursued eagerly, ne ever staid,

Till

CHRIST'S TRIUMPH
Till the betrayers self it had betray'd,
Oft chang'd he place, in hope away to winde;
But change of place could never change his minde:
Himself he flies to lose, and follows for to finde.

42

There is but two wayes for this soul to have,
When parting from the body, forth it purges;
To flie to heav'n, or fall into the grave,
Where whips of scorpions, with the stinging scourges,
Feed on the howling ghosts, and fireie Surges
Of brimstone rowl about the cave of night,
Where flames do burn, and yet no spark of light,
And fire both fries, and freezes the blaspheming spright.

43

There lies the captive soul, aye-fighting sore,
Reck'ning a thousand yeares since her first bands;
Yet staves not there, but adds a thousand more,
And at another thousand never stands,
But tells to them the starres, and heaps the sands:
And now the starres are told, and sands are runne,
And all those thousand thousand myriads done,
And yet but now, alas, but now all is begunne.

44

With that a flaming brand a Furie catch't,
And shook, and tost it round in his wilde thought,
So from his heart all joy, all comfort snatch't,
With every starre of hope; and as he sought
(With present fear, and future grief distraught)
To flie from his own heart, and aid implore
Of him, the more he gives, that hath the more,
Whose storehouse is the heav'ns, too little for his store.

H 3

Stay

45

Stay wretch on earth, cried Satan, restlesse rest:
 Know'st thou not Justice lives in heav'n? or can
 The worst of creatures live among the best?
 Among the blessed Angels cursed man?
 Will Judas now become a Christian?

Whither will hopes long wings transport thy minde?
 Or canst thou not thy self a sinner finde?
 Or cruell to thy self, wouldst thou have Mercie kinde?

46

He gave thee life; why shouldst thou seek to slay him?
 He lent thee wealth; to feed thy avarice?
 He call'd thee friend; what, that thou shouldst betray him?
 He kist thee, though he knew his life the price;
 He wash't thy feet: should'st thou his sacrifice?

He gave thee bread, and wine, his bodie, blood,
 And at thy heart to enter in he stood;
 But then I entred in, and all my snakie brood.

47

As when wilde Pentheus, grown mad with fear,
 Whole troupes of hellish hags about him spies,
 Two bloody Sunnes stalking the duskie sphear,
 And twofold Thebes runs rowling in his eyes:
 Or through the scene staring Orestes flies,
 With eyes flung back upon his mothers ghost,
 That, with infernall serpents all embost,
 And torches quencht in blood, doth her stern sonne accost:

48

Such horrid gorgons, and misformed forms
 Of damned fiends, flew dancing in his heart,
 That now, unable to endure their storms,
 Flie, flie, he cries, thy self, what ere thou art,

Hell,

Hell, hell alreadie burns in every part.

So down into his Torturers arms he fell,
That ready stood his funeralls to yell,
And in a cloud of night to waft him quick to hell.

49

Yet oft he snatcht, and started as he hung:

So when the senses half enflumb'red lie,

The headlong bodie, ready to be flung

By the deluding phansie from some high

And craggie rock, recovers greedily,

And clasps the yeolding pillow, half asleep,

And, as from heav'n it tumbled to the deep,

Feels a cold sweat through every trembling member creep.

50

There let him hang embowelled in bloud,

Where never any gentle shepherd feed

His blessed flocks, nor ever heav'nly floud

Fall on the cursed ground, nor wholesome seed,

That may the least delight or pleasure breed:

Let never Spring visit his habitation,

But nettles, kix, and all the weedy nation,

With emptie elders grow, sad signes of desolation.

51

There let the Dragon keep his habitance,

And stinking carcases be thrown avaut,

Fauns, Sylvans, and deformed Satyrs dance,

Wild-cats, wolves, toads, and shreechowls direly chaunt;

There ever let some restless spirit haunt,

With hollow sound, and clashing chains, to scarre

The passenger, and eyes like to the starre,

That sparkles in the crest of angrie Mars as farre.

But

But let the blessed deaws for ever show'r
 Upon that ground, in whose fair fields I spie
 The bloudie ensigne of our Saviour.
 Strange conquest where the Conquerour must die,
 And he is slain, that winnes the victorie :

*In the bles-
 sed Saints,
 Joseph, &c.*

But he, that living, had no house to owe it,
 Now had no grave, but Joseph must bestow it:
 O runne ye Saints apace, and with sweet flow'rs bestrow it.

And ye glad Spirits, that now fainted lie
 On your celestiaall thrones, in beauty drest,
 Though I your teares recount, O Let not it
 With after-sorrow wound your tender brest,
 Or with new grief unquiet your soft rest:

Enough is me your plaints to sound again,
 That never could enough my self complain.
 Sing then, O sing aloud thou Arimathean Swain.

But long he stood, in his faint arms upholding
 The fairest spoil heav'n ever forfeited,
 With such a silent passion grief unfolding,
 That, had the sheet but on himself been spread,
 He for the corse might have been buried:

And with him stood the happie thief, that stole
 By night his own salvation, and a shole
 Of Maries drowned, round about him, sat in dole.

At length (kissing his lips before he spake,
 As if from thence he fetcht again his ghost)
 To Mary thus with teares his silence brake;
 Ah wofull soul! what joy in all our cost,

When

CHRIST'S TRIUMPH.
When him we hold, we have already lost?

Once didst thou lose thy Sonne, but found'st again;
Now find'st thy Sonne, but find'st him lost, and slain.
Ah me! though he could death, how canst thou life sustain?

56

Where ere, deare Lord, thy shadow hovereth,
Blessing the place, wherein it deignes abide;
Look how the earth dark horror covereth,
Cloathing in mournfull black her naked side,
Willing her shadow up to heav'n to glide,
To see and if it meet thee wandring there,
That so, and if her self must misse thee here,
At least her shadow may her dutie to thee beare.

57

See how the Sunne in daytime clouds his face,
And lagging Vesper, loosing his late team,
Forgets in heav'n to runne his nightly race:
But, sleeping on bright Oetas top, doth dream
The world a Chaos is, no joyfull beam
Looks from his starrie bowre, the heav'ns do mone,
And trees drop teares, lest we should grieve alone,
The windes have learn't to sigh, and waters hoarsely grone.

58

And you sweet flow'rs, that in this garden grow,
Whose happy states a thousand souls envie,
Did you your own felicities but know,
Your selves unpluckt would to his funerall hie,
You never could in better season die:
O that I might into your places slide!
The gate of heav'n stands gaping in his side,
There in my soul should steal, and all her faults should hide.

I

Are

59

Are these the eyes, that made all others blinde?
 Ah! why are they themselves now blemished?
 Is this the face, in which all beauty shin'd?
 What blast hath thus his flowers debellished?
 Are these the feet, that on the watry head
 Of the unfaithfull Ocean passage found?
 Why go they now so lowly under ground, (wound?
 Wash't with our worthlesse teares, and their own precious

60

One hem but of the garments that he wore,
 Could medicine whole countries of their pain:
 One touch of this pale hand could life restore,
 One word of these cold lips revive the slain:
 Well the blinde man thy Godhead might maintain,
 What though the sullen Pharisees repin'd?
 He that should both compare, at length would finde
 The blinde man onely saw, the seers all were blinde.

61

Why should they think thee worthy to be slain?
 Was it because thou gav'st their blinde men eyes?
 Or that thou mad'st their lame to walk again?
 Or for thou heal'dst their sick mens maladies?
 Or mad'st their dumbe to speak, and dead to rise?
 O could all these but any grace have wonne,
 What would they not to save thy life have done? (runne.
 The dumbe man would have spoke, and lame man would have

62

Let me, O let me neare some fountain lie,
 That through the rock heaves up his sandy head;
 Or let me dwell upon some mountain high,
 Whose hollow root, and baser parts are spread.

On

On fleeting waters, in his bowels bred,
 That I their streams, and they my teares may feed:
 Or cloathed in some Hermites ragged weed,
 Spend all my dayes in weeping for this cursed deed.

63

The life, the which I once did love, I leave;
 The love, in which I once did live, I loath;
 I hate the light, that did my light bereave:
 Both love, and life, I do despise you both.
 O that one grave might both our ashes cloath!
 A Love, a Life, a Light I now obtain,
 Able to make my age grow young again,
 Able to save the sick, and to revive the slain.

64

Thus spend we teares, that never can be spent,
 On him, that sorrow now no more shall see:
 Thus send we sighs, that never can be sent,
 To him that died to live, and would not be,
 To be there where he would: here bury we
 This heav'nly earth; here let it softly sleep,
 The fairest Shepherd of the fairest sheep.
 So all the bodie kist, and homewards went to weep.

65

So home their bodies went, to seek repose;
 But at the grave they left their souls behinde:
 O who the force of love celestiall knows!
 That can the chains of natures self unbinde,
 Sending the bodie home without the minde.
 Ah blessed virgin! what high Angels art
 Can ever count thy teares, or sing thy smart,
 When every nail, that pierc't his hand, did pierce thy heart?

So Philomel, perch't on an aspin sprig,
 Weeps all the night her lost virginity,
 And sings her sad tale to the merrie twig,
 That dances at such joyfull miserie,
 Ne ever lets sweet rest invade her eye:
 But leaning on a thorn her dainty chest,
 For fear soft sleep should steal into her brest,
 Expresses in her song grief not to be exprest.

So when the Lark (poore bird!) asarre espi'rh
 Her yet unfeather'd children (whom to save
 She strives in vain) slain by the fatall sith,
 Which from the meadow her green locks doth shave,
 That their warm nest is now become their grave;
 The wofull mother up to heaven springs,
 And all about her plaintive notes she sings,
 And their untimely fate most pitifully sings.







Forget those horrid stiles of death: see here ~~see~~
 who died, and by his presence there ~~see~~
 imbalmd the graue. See here who rose, and so
 left hell infeebled, and the powers below, ~~see~~
 and death suppress'd. So that a child (no doubt)
 may safely play wtht now the stings pluck'd out.
 G. Y. sculp



CHRISTS TRIUMPH AFTER DEATH.

BUt now the second morning from her bowre
Began to glister in her beams; and now
The roses of the day began to flowre
In th' Eastern garden; for heav'n's smiling brow
Half insolent for joy begunne to show:
The early Sunne came lively dancing out,
And the brag lambes ran wantoning about,
That heav'n and earth might seem in triumph both to shout.

Th' engladd'd Spring, forgetfull now to weep,
Began t' eblazon from her leavie bed;
The waking swallow broke her half-yeares sleep,
And every bush lay deeply purpured
With violets; the woods late-wint'ry head
Wide flaming primroses set all on fire,
And his bald trees put on their green attire,
Among whose infant leaves the joyous birds conspire.

*Christe
triumph
after death.
I. in his Re-
surrection,
manifested
by the effects
of it in the
creatures.*

And now the taller Sonnes (whom Titan warms)
 Of unshorn mountains, blown with easie windes,
 Dandled the mornings childhood in their arms,
 And, if they chanc't to slip the prouder pines,
 The under Corylets did catch the shines,
 To gild their leaves; saw never happie yeare
 Such joyfull triumph, and triumphant cheare,
 As though the aged world anew created were.

Say Earth, why hast thou got thee new attire,
 And stick'st thy habit full of dazies red?
 Seems that thou dost to some high thought aspire,
 And some new-found-out Bridegroom mean'st to wed:
 Tell me ye Trees, so fresh apparrelled,
 So never let the spitefull canker waste you,
 So never let the heav'ns with lightning blast you:
 Why go you now so trimly drest, or whither haste you?

Answer me Jordan, why thy crooked tide
 So often wanders from his nearest way,
 As though some other way thy stream would slide,
 And fain salute the place where something lay.
 And you sweet birds, that shaded from the ray,
 Sit carolling, and piping grief away,
 The while the lambes to heare you dance and play,
 Tell me sweet birds, what is it you so fain would say?

And thou, fair Spouse of Earth, that everie yeare
 Get'st such a numerous issue of thy bride,
 How chance thou hotter shin'st, and draw'st more neare?
 Sure thou somewhere some worthie sight hast spide,

That in one place for joy thou canst not bide:
And you dead Swallows, that so lively now
Through the flit aire your winged passage row,
How could new life into your frozen ashes flow?

7

Ye Primroses, and purple violets,
Tell me, why blaze ye from your leavie bed,
And wooe mens hands to rent you from your sets,
As though you would somewhere be carried,
With fresh perfumes, and velvets garnished?

But ah! I need not ask, 'tis surely so,
You all would to your Saviours triumphs go,
There would ye all await, and humble homage do.

8

There should the Earth herself with garlands new
And lovely flow'rs embellished adore:
Such roses never in her garland grew,
Such lilies never in her breast she wore,
Like beauty never yet did shine before:

There should the Sunne another Sunne behold,
From whence himself borrows his locks of gold,
That kindle heav'n and earth with beauties manifold.

9

There might the violet, and primrose sweet
Beams of more lively, and more lovely grace,
Arising from their beds of incense meet,
There should the Swallow see new life embrace
Dead ashes, and the grave unheal his face,

To let the living from his bowels creep,
Unable longer his own dead to keep: (sleep.
There heav'n and earth should see their Lord awake from
Their

In himself.

10

Their Lord, before by other judg'd to die,
 Now Judge of all himself; before forsaken
 Of all the world, that from his aid did flee,
 Now by the Saints into their armies taken;
 Before for an unworthie man mistaken,
 Now worthy to be God confest; before
 With blasphemies by all the basest tore,
 Now worshipped by Angels, that him low adore.

11

Whose garment was before indipt in bloud,
 But now, imbright'ned into heav'nly flame,
 The Sunne it self outglitters, though he should
 Climbe to the top of the celestiall frame,
 And force the starres go hide themselves for shame:
 Before, that under earth was buried,
 But now above the heav'ns is carried,
 And there for ever by the Angels heried.

12

So fairest Phosphor, the bright Morning starre,
 But newly washt in the green element,
 Before the drowzie Night is half aware,
 Shooting his flaming locks with deaw besprent,
 Springs lively up into the orient,
 And the bright drove, fleec't all in gold, he chaces
 To drink, that on the Olympique mountain grazes,
 The while the minor Planets forfeit all their faces.

13

So long he wandred in our lower spheare,
 That heav'n began his cloudy starres despise,
 Half envious, to see on earth appeare
 A greater light, then flam'd in his own skies:

2. In his
 ascension
 to heaven,
 whose joyes
 are descri-
 bed.

CHRIST'S TRIUMPH. 73
At length it burst for spight, and out there flies
A globe of winged Angels, swift as thought,
That on their spotted feathers lively caught
The sparkling earth, and to their azure fields it brought;

14

The rest, that yet amazed stood below,
With eyes cast up, as greedie to be fed,
And hands upheld, themselves to ground did throw;
So when the Trojan boy was ravished,
As through th' Idalian woods they say he fled,
His aged Gardians stood all dismay'd,
Some lest he should have fallen back afraid,
And some their hasty vows, and timely prayers said.

15

Tosse up your heads ye everlasting gates,
And let the Prince of glory enter in:
At whose brave voly of fideriall States,
The Sunne to blush, and starres grow pale were seen;
When, leaping first from earth, he did begin
To climbe his Angels wings; then open hang
Your crystall doores: so all the chorus sang
Of heav'nly birds, as to the starres they nimbly sprang.

16

Heark how the flouds clap their applauding hands,
The pleasant valleys singing for delight,
And wanton mountains dance about the lands,
The while the fields, struck with the heav'nly light,
Set all their flow'rs as smiling at the sight;
The trees laugh with their blossomes, and the sound
Of the triumphant shout of praise, that crown'd (found.
The flaming Lambe, breaking through heav'n, hath passage
Out

K

17

1. By the
accesse of
all good, the
blessed so-
cietie of the
Saints,

Out leap the antique Patriarchs all in haste,
To see the pow'rs of Hell in triumph lead,
And with small starres a garland intercha'ft
Of olive-leaves they bore, to crown his head,
That was before with thorns degloried:

After them flew the Prophets, brightly stol'd
In shining lawn, and wimpled manifold,
Striking their ivorie harps, strung all in cords of gold.

18

Angels,
&c.

To which the Saints victorious carolls sung,
Ten thousand Saints at once, that with the sound
The hollow vaults of heav'n for triumph rung.
The Cherubins their clamours did confound
With all the rest, and clapt their wings around:

Down from their thrones the Dominations flow;
And at his feet their crowns and scepters throw,
And all the princely Souls fell on their faces low.

19

Nor can the Martyrs wounds them stay behinde,
But out they rush among the heav'nly croud,
Seeking their heav'n out of their heav'n to finde,
Sounding their silver trumpets out so loud,
That the shrill noise broke through the starrie cloud,
And all the virgin Souls, in pure aray,
Came dancing forth and making joyous play;
So him they led along into the courts of day.

20

The sweet
quiet and
peace en-
joyed under
God.

So him they led into the courts of day,
Where never warre, nor wounds abide him more;
But in that house eternall peace doth play,
Acquieten the souls, that new before

Their

CHRIST'S TRIUMPH.
Their way to heav'n through their own bloud did score,
But now, estranged from all miserie,
As farre as heav'n and earth discoasted lie,
Swelter in quiet waves of immortalitie.

20

And if great things by smaller may be ghueft,
So, in the mid'st of Neptunes angrie tide,
Our Britan Island, like the weedie nest
Of true Halcyon, on the waves doth ride,
And softly sailing, scorns the waters pride:
While all the rest, drown'd on the continent,
And tost in bloudie waves, their wounds lament,
And stand, to see our peace, as struck with wonderment.

21

The Ship of France religious waves do tosse,
And Greece it self is now grown barbarous;
Spains children hardly dare the Ocean crosse,
And Belges field lies waste, and ruinous;
That unto those, the heav'ns are envious,
And unto them, themselves are strangers grown,
And unto these, the seas are faithlesse known,
And unto her, alas! her own is not her own.

22

Here onely shut we Janus iron gates,
And call the welcome Muses to our springs,
And are but Pilgrims from our heav'nly states,
The while the trustie Earth sure plentie brings,
And ships through Neptune safely spread their wings.
Go blessed Island, wander where thou please,
Unto thy God, or men, heav'n, lands, or seas:
Thou canst not lose thy way, thy King with all hath peace.

K 2

Deare

*Shadowed
by the peace
we enjoy
under our
Soveraigne.*

23

Deare Prince, thy subjects joy, hope of their heires,
 Picture of peace, or breathing Image rather,
 The certain argument of all our pray'rs,
 Thy Harries, and thy Countries lovely Father,
 Let Peace in endlesse joyes for ever bathe her
 Within thy sacred brest, that at thy birth
 Brought'st her with thee from heav'n, to dwell on earth,
 Making our earth a heav'n, and paradise of mirth.

24

Let not my Liege misdeem these humble laies,
 As lick't with soft and supple blandishment,
 Or spoken to disparagon his praise;
 For though pale Cynthia, neare her brothers tent,
 Soon disappears in the white firmament,
 And gives him back the beams, before were his,
 Yet when he verges, or is hardly ris,
 She the vive image of her absent brother is.

25

Nor let the Prince of peace his beadsman blame,
 That with his Steward dares his Lord compare,
 And heav'nly peace with earthly quiet shame:
 So Pines to lowly plants compared are,
 And lightning Phœbus to a little starre:
 And well I wot, my rime, albe unsmooth,
 Ne saies but what it means, ne means but sooth,
 Ne harms the good, ne good to harmfull person doth.

26

Gaze but upon the house where Man embow'rs:
 With flow'rs and rushes paved is his way,
 Where all the Creatures are his Servitours,
 The windes do sweep his chambers every day,

And

The beautie
 of the
 place.

And clouds do wash his rooms, the feeling gay,
 Starred aloft the gilded knobs embrace:
 If such a house God to another gave,
 How shine those glittering courts, he for himself will have?

27

And if a fullen cloud, as sad as night,
 In which the Sunne may seem embodied,
 Depur'd of all his drosse, we see so white,
 Burning in melted gold his watrie head,
 Or round with ivorie edges silvered;
 What lustre superexcellent will he
 Lighten on those that shall his sunneshine see
 In that all-glorious court, in which all glories be?

28

If but one Sunne, with his diffusive fires,
 Can paint the starres, and the whole world with light,
 And joy and life into each heart inspires,
 And every Saint shall shine in heav'n, as bright
 As doth the Sunne in his transcendent might,
 (As faith may well beleve, what Truth once sayes)
 What shall so many Sunnes united rayes,
 But dazle all the eyes, that now in heav'n we praise?

29

Here let my Lord hang up his conquering lance,
 And bloody armour with late slaughter warm,
 And looking down on his weak Militants,
 Behold his Saints, mid't of their hot alarm,
 Hang all their golden hopes upon his arm.
 And in this lower field disparting wide, (guide,
 Through windie thoughts, that would their sails mis-
 Anchor their fleshly ships fast in his wounded side.

K 3

Here

*The Car-
 tie (as the
 school calls
 it) of the
 Saints bo-
 dies.*

Here may the Band, that now in Triumph shines,
 And that (before they were invested thus)
 In earthly bodies carried heav'nly mindes,
 Pitcht round about in order glorious,
 Their sunny tents, and houses luminous,
 All their eternall day in songs employing,
 Joying their end, without end of their joying,
 While their Almighty Prince Destruction is destroying.

31.

*The imple-
 tion of the
 appetite.*

Full, yet without satietie, of that
 Which whets and quiets greedy appetite,
 Where never Sunne did rise, nor ever set,
 But one eternall day, and endlesse light
 Gives time to those, whose time is infinite,
 Speaking with thought, obtaining without fee,
 Beholding him, whom never eye could see,
 And magnifying him, that cannot greater be.

32.

How can such joy as this want words to speak?
 And yet what words can speak such joy as this?
 Farre from the world, that might their quiet break,
 Here the glad souls the face of beauty kisse,
 Pour'd out in pleasure, on their beds of blisse.
 And drunk with nectar torrents, ever hold
 Their eyes on him, whose graces manifold.
 The more they do behold, the more they would behold.

33.

*The joy of
 the senses,
 &c.*

Their sight drinks lovely fires in at their eyes,
 Their brain sweet incense with fine breath accloyes,
 That on Gods sweating altar burning lies,
 Their hungrie eates feed on their heav'nly noise,

That

Th at Angels sing, to tell their untold ioyes;
Their understanding naked Truth, their wills
The all, and self-sufficient Goodnesse fills,
That nothing here is wanting, but the want of ills.

34

No Sorrow now hangs clouding on their brow,
No bloudles Maladie empales their face,
No Age drops on their hairs his silver snow,
No Nakednesse their bodies doth embase,
No Povertie themselves, and theirs disgrace,
No fear of death the joy of life devours,
No vnchaste sleep their precious time deflowres,
No losse, no grief, no change, wait on their winged houres.

35

But now their naked bodies scorn the cold,
And from their eyes joy looks, and laughs at pain;
The infant wonders how he came so old,
And old man how he came so young again;
Still resting, though from sleep they still restrain;
Where all are rich, and yet no gold they ow;
And all are Kings, and yet no Subjects know;
All full, and yet no time on food they do bestow.

36

For things that passe are past, and in this field
The indeficient Spring no Winter fears;
The Trees together fruit and blossome yield,
Th' unfading Lily leaves of silver beares,
And crimson Rose a scarlet garment weares;
And all of these on the Saints bodies grow,
Not, as they wont, on baser earth below;
Three rivers here of milk, and wine, and honey flow.

About

2 By the a-
motion of
all evil.

By the ac-
cesse of all
good again

In the glory of the Holy Citie.

About the holy Citie rowles a flood
Of moulten crySTALL, like a sea of glasse,
On which weak stream a strong foundation stood,
Of living Diamonds the building was,
That all things els, besides it self, did passe:
Her streets, in stead of stones, the starres did pave,
And little pearles, for dust, it seem'd to have,
On which soft-streaming Manna, like pure snow, did wave.

In the beatificall vision of God.

In mid'st of this Citie celestiall,
Where the eternall Temple should have rose,
Light'ned th' Idea Beatificall:
End, and beginning of each thing that grows,
Whose self no end, nor yet beginning knows,
That hath no eyes to see, nor cares to heare;
Yet sees, and heares, and is all-eye, all-eare,
That no where is contain'd, and yet is every where:

Changer of all things, yet immutable;
Before, and after all, the first, and last;
That moving all is yet immoveable;
Great without quantitie, in whose forecast,
Things past are present, things to come are past;
Swift without motion, to whose open eye
The hearts of wicked men unbrested lie;
At once absent, and present to them, farre, and nigh.

It is no flaming lustre, made of light,
No sweet content, or well-tim'd harmonie,
Ambrosia, for to feast the appetite,
Or flowrie odour, mixt with spicerie.



[Faint, illegible handwriting visible through the paper.]



'Tis finish'd: and hees now gon vp on high
 rich in the spoyles of hell: in maiesty,
 and glorie (and glorie glorious farre,
 aboue all words:) each glimpse treads out a star
 dazles the sun: And whether true this bee
 here written, follow him, and you shall see.
 Geo: yate: sculp.

No soft embrace, or pleasure bodily,
And yet it is a kinde of inward feast,
A harmony, that sounds within the breast,
An odour, light, embrace, in which the soul doth rest;

41

A heav'nly feast, no hunger can consume;
A light unseen, yet shines in every place;
A sound, no time can steal; a sweet perfume,
No windes can scatter; an intire embrace,
That no satietie can ere unlace,
Ingrac't into so high a favour, there (weare,
The Saints, with their Beaw-peers, whole worlds out-
And things unseen do see, and things unheard do heare.

42

Ye blessed souls, grown richer by your spoil,
Whose losse, though great, is cause of greater gains,
Here may your weary spirits rest from toil,
Spending your endlesse ev'ning, that remains,
Among those white flocks, and celestiall trains,
That feed upon their Shepherds eyes, and frame
That heav'nly musick of so wondrous fame,
Psalming aloud the holy honours of his name.

*And of
Christ.*

43

Had I a voice of steel to tune my song,
Were every verse as smoothly fil'd as glasse,
And every member turned to a tongue,
And every tongue were made of sounding brasse;
Yet all that skill, and all this strength, alas,
Should it presume to gild, were misadvis'd,
The place where David hath new songs devis'd,
As in his burning throne he sits emparadis'd.

L

Most

Most happie Prince, whose eyes those starres behold,
 Treading ours under feet, now maist thou poure
 I hat overflowing skill, wherewith of old
 Thou wont'st to combe rough speech, now maist thou showre
 Fresh streams of praise upon that holy bowre,
 Which well we heaven call, not that it rowls,
 But that it is the haven of our souls:
 Most happie Prince, whose sight so heav'nly sight beholds!

Ah foolish Shepheards, that were wont esteem
 Your God all rough, and shaggy-hair'd to be;
 And yet farre wiser, Shepheards, then ye deem:
 For who so poore (though who so rich) as he,
 When, with us hermiting in low degree,
 He wash't his flocks in Jordans spotlesse tide,
 And, that his deare remembrance aye might bide,
 Did to us come, and with us liv'd, and for us di'd?

But now so lively colours did embeam
 His sparkling forehead, and so shiny rayes
 Kindled his flaming locks; that down did stream
 In curls, along his neck, where sweetly playes
 (Singing his wounds of love in sacred layes)
 His dearest Spouse, Spouse of the dearest Lover,
 Knitting a thousand knots over and over,
 And dying still for love, but they her still recover.

Faire Eglishet, that at his eyes doth dresse
 Her glorious face, those eyes, from whence are shed
 Infinite belamours, where to expresse
 His love, high God all heav'n as captive leads,

And all the banners of his grace dispreads,
And in those windows doth his arms englaze,
And on those eyes the Angels all do gaze,
And from those eyes the lights of heav'n do glean their blaze.

48

But let the Kentish lad, that lately taught
His oaten reed the trumpets silver sound,
Young Thyrsilis, and for his musick brought
The willing spheares from heav'n, to lead a round
Of dancing Nymphs, and Heards, that sung, and crown'd
Eclectas hymen with ten thousand flow'rs
Of choicest praise, and hung her heav'nly bow'rs
With saffron garlands, drest for nuptiall Paramours:

49

Let his shrill trumpet, with her silver blast,
Of fair Eclecta, and her Spousall bed,
Be the sweet pipe, and smooth Encomiaist:
But my green Muse, hiding her younger head
Under old Chamus flaggy banks, that spread
Their willow locks abroad, and all the day
With their own watry shadows wanton play,
Dares not those high amours, and love-sick songs assay.

50

Impotent words, weak sides, that strive in vain,
In vain, alas! to tell so heav'nly sight,
So heav'nly sight, as none can greater feigne,
Feigne what he can that seems of greatest might:
Might any yet compare with Infinite?
Infinite sure those joyes, my words but light,
Light is the palace where she dwells. O blessed wight!

Rhina



R Vinea Cœli pulchra; jam terris decus,
 Deûsque: proles matris innupta, & pater:
 Sine matre natus, sine patre excrescens caro:
 Quem nec mare, æther, terra, non cœlum capit,
 Utero puella totius angusto latens:
 Equævus idem patri, matre antiquior:
 Heu domite victor, & triumphator! Tui
 Opus, opifexque, qui minor quàm sis, eò
 Major resurgis: vita, quæ mori velis,
 Atque ergò possis: passa finem Æternitas.
 Quid tibi rependam, quid tibi rependam, miser?
 Ut, quando ocellos mollis invadit quies,
 Et nocte membra plurimus Morphæus premit,
 Avidè videmur velle de tergo sequens
 Effugere monstrum, & plumbeos frustra pedes
 Celerare: media succidimus agrî fugâ;
 Solitum pigrescit robur: os querit viam;
 Sed proditurus moritur in lingua sonus:
 Sic stupeo totius, totus hæresco, intuens
 Et sæpe repeto, fortè si rependerem:
 Solus rependit ille, qui repetit bene.

G. Fletcher.



Τίλειν' ὅς, ἢ πλεον' Θεὸς τίλος.

Ἐστὶ πλεον' π' τίλος· τίλος ἐστὶ Θεὸς τὸ τίλειν.

